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Battle baby: a pictorial history of the escort carrier U.S.S Savo Island (CVE-78)

United States Navy

William D. Anderson

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125,000 Miles of Pacific Hell and History

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE ESCORT CARRIER U. S. S. SAVO ISLAND (CVE-78)
124,015.1 miles of war-borne mileage (Logged 2 October 1945)
BATTLE BABY

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE ESCORT CARRIER

U. S. S. SAVO ISLAND (CVE 78)

* * *

Born February 3, 1944, at Astoria, Oregon
Lived, Fought, and Raised Hell Until V-J Day

She Will Never Die!

Authorized by

CAPTAIN WILLIAM D. ANDERSON, COMMANDING

Edited by

LIEUTENANT BRANTFORD B. BENTON, U.S.N.R.

Photographed by

HOWARD F. RESER, C Pho M
GILBERT S. HAMILTON, Pho M2/c
Vernon Stogstill, Pho M2/c
Gordon F. Barrow, Pho M1/c
John H. Winslow, Pho M1/c
The ship was named after two naval battles which were fought near Savo in August and in October, 1942. In the first of these battles our forces were surprised, mistakes were made, and four cruisers were lost. It was a hard lesson, well learned. A few months later, one of our cruiser divisions intercepted a Jap task force near Savo and sank at least six vessels, cruisers, and destroyers. No great damage was done to our ships. The enemy was surprised; one of his cruisers was sunk before her guns were even trained out, and he was out-fought in every phase of the battle. As a result, this body of water, Purvis Bay, is known as "Iron-Bottom Bay."

Savo Island is located in Sky Lark Channel between the Western extremities of Florida and Guadalcanal Islands. It is a product of volcanic upheavals, is only four miles in diameter, and consists of extinct volcanic peaks. Ships now anchor in waters that cover a village which subsided years ago as a result of an earthquake. Even today, there may be an occasional tremor. A few natives live on the island, and you will find very small villages and a mission station there.
DEDICATION

The scenes reproduced in this book awaken in the hearts of all associated with the "Jeep" Carrier many poignant memories. They recall danger, narrow escape, death.

In years to come when in the quiet of your homes you thumb this volume these pictures and stories will mean much to you. You will thank God that you survived these scenes.

As you do, a feeling of sadness may stir your heart when you think of the hundreds of thousands of fine American men who died that the United States, and what it stands for, might live.

It is to these hero dead, men like those who once called the Savo "Home," that we dedicate "Battle Baby" in grateful memory. May this volume stand among your souvenirs as a constant reminder of what is best and worthwhile in life. May it remind you also out of gratitude to pray for those who have made the supreme sacrifice, for it is "A holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead." II Mach 12:46.

LIEUT. JAMES J. CULLINAN, U.S.N.R.
Chaplain

Burial at Sea
A Battle Baby is Born...
BATTLE BABY

"MUSTER ALL MEMORIES, FLIGHT OF FANCY PARADE!"

I FOC'SLE .......................... 1 13
A BATTLE BABY IS BORN

II WIND'RD PASSAGE ............. 14 31
FIRST SALTY STRIDES

III FOR'D .......................... 32 45
THE FLEDGLING GETS HER WINGS OF WAR

IV AMIDSHIP .......................... 46 77
THE MIGHTY MIDGET

V AFT .................................. 78 87
VIRILE VETERAN

VI LEE'RD PASSAGE .............. 88 119
THE MEN WHO MANNED HER

VII FANTAIL ......................... 120 132
AND NOW: GOODBYE

THE OPINIONS OR ASSERTIONS CONTAINED HEREIN ARE THE PRIVATE ONES OF THE WRITERS AND ARE NOT TO BE CONSTRUED AS OFFICIAL OR REFLECTING THE VIEWS OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT OR THE NAVAL SERVICE AT LARGE.
"Conceived and Dedicated To The Task ---"

RARIN' TO GO

The Japs Will Hate the 78!

DONW THE WAYS

FITTING FOR SEA

RIGGING THE BOOM

IRON MEN IN IRON SHIPS
Prominent commissioning spectators. They never had cause to regret their interest in the Savo’s destiny.

Salute to inaugural colors. Left to right: Captain Barner, Captain Ekstrom, Commander Thomas E. Gillespie, Chaplain James H. Dolan.

COMMISSIONING PRAYER

Almighty and Eternal God, we humbly ask Thee to look with Thy divine favor upon these Commissioning exercises. Bless and protect this, our ship, which is here commissioned to serve in the Navy of the United States. Grant that in the performance of her duties she may emulate the precious traditions and achievements associated with the Star Spangled Banner she shall proudly display from this day on.

Accept our prayer for our Captain and for those who in this ship shall commit their lives to the perils of the sea. Watch over them we pray, that no evil befall them. Through all the hazards of this war guide and protect them. Be with them and conduct them honorably and valiantly against the enemy. Lead this ship’s company safely home to port. Thy Grace, Thy Mercy, Thy Benediction be upon this ship and its company. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

COMMISSIONING PROGRAM

Astoria, Oregon, February 3, 1944

Assembly of Crew - Music by Band
Commanding Officer, Naval Station, Astoria, received at Gangway
Prayer by Chaplain J. H. Dolan
Reading of commissioning orders and remarks by Captain J. D. Barner
Commissioning of ship by Captain Barner, U.S.N.
National Anthem, hoisting of Colors
Transferring command to Captain C. E. Ekstrom
Reading of orders to command duty and remarks by Captain C. E. Ekstrom
Posting the watch by Commander T. E. Gillespie, U.S.N., Executive Officer

Sounding of Retreat
Refreshments in wardroom

“... In accordance with the Commandant, 13th Naval District letter, Serial 21204, of 3 January 1944. ...” Official commissioning by Captain James D. Barner, USN, Commanding Officer, U. S. Naval Station, Astoria, Oregon.

The ship’s sponsor, Mrs. Margaret Taffinder, daughter of Rear Adm. Sherwood A. Taffinder, then Commandant, 13th Naval District.

“... Your only interest must be your ship. You must eat it, sleep it, and drink it. ...” Captain Clarence E. Ekstrom accepts command.
PLANK OWNERS OF THE U.S.S. SAUO ISLAND

OFFICERS

Capt. Clarence E. EKSTROM
Comdr. Thomas E. GILLESPIE
Lt.-Comdr. Lowell S. PRICE
Lt.-Comdr. Winthrop W. ESCH
Lt. Maurice D. COOPER, Jr.
Lt. Addison C. PFAUTZ
Lt. Edward W. LANE, Jr.
Lt. William R. McCLINTICK
Lt. John T. SLOAN
Lt. James L. AYER, Jr.
Lt. Byron W. EATON
Lt. Alexander W. PARKER
Lt. Richard M. HURD
Lt. Charles G. CRENSHAW
Lt. (jg) Allen H. GIPSON
Lt. (jg) George W. JENSEN
Lt. (jg) Albert L. TROWBRIDGE
Lt. (jg) Robert E. OLSON
Lt. (jg) Joseph C. KURHAJEC
Lt. (jg) Hollis E. BOWER
Lt. (jg) Carl W. KEENUM
Lt. (jg) James H. HARRISON
Lt. (jg) Edmend H. WORRILL
Lt. (jg) Clyde H. HENDRICKSON
Lt. (jg) Edward FLORES
Lt. (jg) Leonard J. RHUE
Lt. (jg) John B. COX
Lt. (jg) Brantford W. BENTON
Lt. (jg) Edward S. BOZE
Lt. (jg) Kenneth R. CAREY
Lt. (jg) Anthony F. TISONE
Ens. Quincy B. NICHOLS
Ens. Don A. REED
Ens. George H. MARSH
Ens. Charles S. SEVERANCE
Ens. Lawrence G. GILES
Ens. Robert W. HANES
Ens. Vincent J. CLAYTON
Ens. James P. WHITE, Jr.
Ens. William G. BENNETT
Ens. Bill K. TUNNELL
Ens. Ray L. STARLING
Ens. Kenneth O. BATES
Ens. Sheldon WAXENBERG
Ens. Graham FINLEY
Ens. Garth D. MILLER
Ens. Harold O. WILLITS
Lt. Comdr. Sam C. BOSTIC
Lt. Martin J. GELB
Lt. Frank S. HARRYMAN
Ens. Albert R. LEA
Ens. Paul C. PARKER
Lt. (jg) James A. DOLAN
Bos'n Frank E. HELFFENSTEIN
Ensign Paul W. BRADEN
Carp. Alexander BENOIT
Mach. Guy E. FARR
Mach. Johann G. DIETZ
Elect. Roy A. HOWELL
R. Elect. Walter H. MARTIN
Aerog. John E. ROBBINS
Sh. Ck. George R. HALLIDAY
APC Jimmie H. MYERS
Mach. Ted SEEMAN

ENLISTED MEN

ABRAMSON, Hymie, AMM3c
ACRES, Frederick C., Stc2c
ACKERSON, Harlan, S2c
ACREE, Floyd E., Slc
AFFLERBAUGH, Paul H., BM1c
AHEARN, William F., AMM3c
ALLAIN, Julian W., Jr., S2c
ALLEN, Barney T., StM1c
ALPERS, Gerald C., S2c
ANDERSON, David L., Ptr3c
ANDERSON, Walter L., AMM3c
ANDREWS, Arvel, F1c
ARTWOHL, James R., S2c
ASKINS, Paul, Y2c
ATWOOD, Tom B., S2c
AUGUSTUS, Anthony, Cox
BACHOFNER, Ernest G., S2c
BAILEY, Clifton L., S2c
BAKER, Charles J., S2c
BAKER, Max L., S2c
BANNISTER, Cecil R., BM1c
BARROW, David W., S2c
BARROW, Gordon F., PhoM3c
BARRY, William J., SK2c
BASLER, Loren S., F2c
BATCHO, Andrew, Slc
BATTISTINI, John J., Y3c
BAUERS, Thomas W., S2c
BAUGHMAN, Donald W., F2c
BAUMANN, Ray E., F2c
ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

BAUMGARTNER, Charles A., S2c
BEAM, William A., WT3c
BECK, Ernest J., MM1c
BECKSTAD, Ernest R., S1c
BEDDICK, John W., S1c
BEEMAN, Robert L., F2c
BEHRENS, Dale M., S2c
BELL, James D., S2c
BENNETT, Everett A., CY (AA)
BENSON, Norman A., S2c
BENTSEN, Raymond E., S2c
BHORK, Eugene V., S2c
BIFFAR, James T., S2c
BILLELO, Frank A., AMM3c
BINNING, Clifford L., EM2c
BISH, Harry R., S2c
BLAKE, Oliver D., AerM2c
BLANK, John W., TM2c
BLANSETTE, Jack W., BM2c
BLEDSOE, Alvie, Jr., S2c
BLODGETT, Jack L., SC3c
BLOMENTHAL, Ben., Jr., S2c
BONER, Charles E., S2c
BORK, Ralph W., S1c
BOUCHER, Joseph H., S2c
BOYCE, William G., S2c
BRAASCH, Harold. S2c
BRALEY, Beibriel H., AMM3c
BRAUN, Richard J., TM3c
BREEDING, Vernon B., ARM3c
BROECKELMANN, Richard J., S2c
BROWN, Dennis, TM2c
BROWN, Elmer L., S2c
BROWN, Frank B., S2c
BROWN, Harold L., CGM (AA)
BROWN, Ivan, S2c
BROWN, Leo J., SC3c
BROUGHER, Harry E., M0MM1c
BRUDVIG, Del C., GM3c
BRUMBAUGH, Darrell L., S2c
BRYANT, Robert L., SM3c
BUHL, Nelson A., EM3c
BURFIELD, Lawrence, S2c
BURTIS, William E., S2c
CALAMIA, Carl J., S1c
CALDuell, Samuel D., SC1c
CAMPBELL, Royce N., S2c
CARLISLE, Willis C., S2c
CARLS0N, Peter R., S2c
CARLSON, Donald R., S1c
CARPENTER, Louis L., S2c
CARTER, Lanier R., S2c
CARY, Earl H., S2c
CASTLEBERRY, Leslie D., S2c
CAVE, Joy R., S2c
CHAMBERS, Kenneth D., S2c
CHASUK, Alfred P., S2c
CHEVALIER, James R., S2c
CHIPELI, Peter, EM3c
CHISOLM, William A., CK1c
CHRISTENSON, Harry W., CCS (PA)
CIONE, Dominick M., Bug2c
CLANCY, Andrew M., RM3c
CLARK, Guy H., Jr., S1c
CLAUBAUGH, Homer W., WT1c
CLAY, Leland C., S1c
COHEA, Melvin J., SM3c
COLLIER, Eugene T., SC2c
COLLINS, Jinks, Jr., CK3c
COMSTOCK, Ray A., F2c
CONRAD, Jack E., S2c
CONRAD, Willard H., S1c
COOK, John M., S1c
COOK, Marvin V., S2c
COPELY, William E., S1c
CORAY, Gene A., CSF (AA)
CORPER, Avery G., S2c
COSTA, John R., SK2c
COWLEY, Joseph G., S2c
COX, James C., StM3c
CRABTREE, Braxton B., S2c
CREWS, Elmer L., S2c
CROSS, Paul N., S2c
CROUSE, Doris W., S2c
CROW, Robert B., S1c
CROWNOVER, Leslie W., S1c
CVETICANIN, Richard, S1c
DADE, James D., PhM3c
DAMITZ, Irving H., S1c
DAVIDSON, David A., S1c
DAVIDSON, Richard L., S2c
DAVIS, Benny A., S2c
DAVIS, Floyd R., S2c
DAVIS, Lester W., S2c
DAWkins, Charles L., S2c
DAY, Kelly C., WT2c
DE BLASIO, James N., S2c
DE MARTINO, Anthony T., S1c
DENNIS, Harry S., Jr., MOMM2c
DEVoss, Paul A., S2c
DI GINO, George J., S1c
DIONISOPOULOS, Panagiotis A., QM2c
DION, Louis F., EM2c
DOBBINS, William H., Cox
DODSON, Robert L., S2c
DOHM, Edmund, COM (PA)
DONNENWIRTH, Kenneth C., S2c
DOPKINS, Vincent G., SC3c
DOWNING, Jay E., GM3c
DOZA, LeRoy C., S2c
DRAGER, Louis H., S2c
DUFFY, Gilbert L., QM3c
DUMAINE, Roger E., Sp (a) 2c
DUNNING, Leonard C., S2c
DUNWOODY, Edward H., CEM (AA)
DUPREE, William B., S2c
ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

DUTTON, Houghtford, Jr., S1c
DYE, Elid D., S2c
DYE, Thomas, Jr., FCR3c
DYER, James E., Jr., AOM3c
EDDIE, Albert J., S1c
EARNEY, John L., S2c
EDEN, George E., StM1c
EDICK, Abbie, S1c
EDWARDS, James E., EM3c
EGGERT, George F., Pt1c
ELKINS, Donald L., S2c
ELLER, John A., S2c
ELLER, Kenneth M., S2c
EMERSON, Emory E., S2c
EMMONS, Pearle W., Slc
ENGESSER, Ferdinand C., MM3c
ERION, Edgar W., S2c
ERRICO, Nick, S2c
ESLICK, Howard C., CMM (PA)
ESSE, Joseph, Cox
EURE, Granville M., Jr., S1c
EVANS, Enfer E., WT2c
EVANS, Harold Lloyd, AOM3c
EVANS, Harold Lee, S2c
EVEANS, James R., StM2c
EVenson, Joel M., S2c (RdM)
FARRAR, Men'sie, MoMM2c
FEDOROWICZ, Francis J., CM2c
FEDORS, Edward M., Slc
FERRIC, Victor, Slc
FESTLE, Melbourne F., S2c
FESUK, John, S2c
FILLMORE, Glen W., S2c
FISHER, Edward J., S2c
FLORIAN, Andrew F., S2c
FOLEY, Thomas W., TM3c
FOLEY, William W., FCR3c
FORD, Billy W., S2c
FORD, Herbert J., AMM3c
FOSTER, George P., S1c
FOUNTAIN, Richard C., Slc
POWLER, Bruce L., F2c
FRAHM, Alfred F., Slc
FRANCK, Frank M., PhM3c
FRAZIER, Ivory, StM1c
FREISLEBEN, William S., EM3c
FRITZSCHE, August J., S2c
GADBERRY, Tommie R., S2c
GARCIA, Galvo, S1c
GARCIA, Justo, S2c
GARD, Robert W., Slc
GARNER, Wade, BM2c
GARRETT, Charles F., S2c
GATES, Marvin R., S2c
GAVIN, Donald J., SF3c
GAYLORD, Seymour A., Jr., Slc
GENTILE, Joseph G., Jr., S2c
GERARD, Jack E., EM3c
GEORGE, Raymond F., S2c
GERBER, Melvin E., S2c
GEYE, Harold W., S2c
GIDEON, John C., S2c
GILL, William D., AMM3c
GILLIAM, Harland D., Slc
GLADEN, Orville J., S2c
GLEASON, Robert L., MM1c
GLASSCOCK, Leonard L., S2c
GLIDELVILLE, Donald L., S2c
GLYNN, Frank E., Slc
GOE, Clarence Z., S2c
GOIN, William W., CWT (PA)
GONZALES, Lewis V., Ck2c
GOODWIN, Robert L., Slc
GOTTSCHALK, George L., Slc
GRADY, William V., Slc
GRAHAM, Edward W., Slc
GREEN, Howard H., S2c
GREER, Arthur F., S2c
GRIFITH, Billy R., S2c
GRiffin, Michael V., MoMM2c
GRISSIM, James G., EM2c
GUSTAFSON, Harlen E., Slc
HADDON, Bennett C., RM2c
HAFNER, John F., AMOM3c
HALY, Robert V., Bug1c
HALL, Bethal L., SF1c
HALL, Charles N., S2c
HAMAKER, Alfred E., AMM3c
HAMILTON, Douglas T., AOM2c
HANCOCK, Floyd C., S2c
HANDRE, Herald R., S2c
HANNA, Gilbert L., S2c
HANDB, Edward K., StM2c
HARDY, Chester C., S2c
HARDENBROOK, Henry N., CPhM (PA)
HARRIS, John W., QM3c
HARRISON, Linwood L., St3c
HART, Roy E., S2c
HART, Myles P., S1c
HASS, Willard J., S2c
HASSETT, Harold A., RM3c
HAUENSTEIN, Eugene A., S2c
HAYDU, Julius R., AMM3c
HAYES, Thomas M., S2c
HEBERT, Roy, BM1c
HEEG, Harlow S., S2c
HEERMANN, Richard P., S2c
HEIDELBURG, Samuel, Sr2c
HEIDOTTING, Joseph L., SK2c
HEFLIN, Harry E., S2c
HELM, Arthur S., S2c
HELMICH, Robert C., S2c
HENDICHER, Charles W., Jr., RM1c
HENDERSON, Donald C., TM3c
HENDRICKS, Sherwin, BM2c
ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

HEPNER, Everett L., S2c
HERDA, Edward J., PhM2c
HERRERA, Lawrence, S2c
HIGGINS, Albert N., S2c
HINSPERGER, Wilbur T., S1c
HOFMEISTER, Elmer C., S2c
HOLLENBACH, Harold L., S2c
HOLT, Leonard B., S2c
HOOVER, Robert A., S2c
HOPPENWORTH, Arnold T., S2c
HOULE, Howard E., MM3c
HUFF, John H., ACMM (PA)
HULL, Walter F., S2c
HUNST, Douglas L., Y1c
HURLBUT, Dallas L., S2c
HURLBUT, Raymond E., RM3c
HYATT, Harry D., Jr., AMM2c
HYLAND, Gela L., AMM3c
HYLINSKI, Carl A., GM3c
INSELMAN, Robert J., S2c
IRVING, Francis P., S2c
JACKSON, Earnest, Jr., StM2c
JARED, Harley P., S2c
JAY, Roy H., S2c
JAYNE, Robert I., S2c
JENKINS, Russell H., S2c
JERIN, Edward, S1c
JOEL, James H., S2c
JOHNS, William D., F1c
JOHNSON, Robert M., S2c
JOLLBY, Burbank U., S2c
JONES, Gaylord T., RM2c
JONES, Robert E., WT3c
JORSTAD, Donald E., AMM3c
JUDY, Benjamin I., WT2c
KAPOSICH, John, F1c
KARGACIN, Joseph, Jr., S2c
KANGAS, Roy C., S1c
KARNES, Robert C., S1c
KAUFEMAN, Otlo C., AerM3c
KEITH, Dale M., S2c
KELLS, Archie W., AMM3c
KELLY, John E., S2c
KEMP, Charles M., S2c
KIER, Charles E., AMM2c
KILGORE, Randal L., Jr., QM3c
KINCHEN, James L., SK3c
KING, Amos M., S1c
KING, James E., F1c
KIRKE, Gaylord W., S1c
KIRKCHIEFER, Alfred K., S1c
KIVETT, Joseph F., AerM2c
KNIGHT, Richard B., TM3c
KNIGHTON, Wayne L., S1c
KOEPELIN, Edward H., S2c
KOESTNER, Andrew J., S1c
KRASNOW, Bernard L., SK3c
KROCHICK, Edward, SK3c
KROPSKI, Dominick T., ACMM (AA)
KUENEMAN, Frank S., S2c
KULBE, Charles V., RM3c
KURTIOVICH, Mike M., S2c
LA BELLE, Edward A., S2c
LADER, Donald L., S2c
LAKEAN, William A., S1c
LAMBOHN, Warren C., AMM3c
LANCASTER, Jack, S2c
LANCASTER, William W., Jr., S2c
LAUB, William E., S2c
LA VENTURE, Charles H., CSK (PA)
LAYNAM, William H., F1c
LEATHERMAN, James J., AM2c
LEE, Conrad B., BM2c
LEONHART, Raymond J., SM3c
LESIE, James A., Jr., Flc
LEVESH, George, MoMM3c
LEWIS, John A., AMM2c
LIBBY, Richard H., S2c
LISOWSKI, Roman F., S2c
LIZOTTE, Roland, S1c
LOCKREM, Clair B., AMM3c
LOMBARDI, Edward G., SK2c
LONERGAN, Eldon F., AMM3c
LOPAC, John P., S2c
LORBIERCKI, Donald S., S2c
LORICHON, Robert M., S2c
LOUCKS, William H., CMM (PA)
LOVE, Basil B., S2c
LOWREY, David E., SF1c
LOZIER, Joseph H., S2c
LOWDIN, Ernest N., S2c
LUNDIN, Ervin D., S2c
LYON, Jack, Ml3c
MADDY, Verne L., S2c
MAERSHEBECKER, Nicolas, Jr., WT1c
MAHALIK, Rudolph L., S2c
MAHLMISTER, George D., S1c
MALAF, Frank E., HAI2c
MANCUSO, Septine R., COI (AA)
MARCHIESE, Louis J., SF2c
MARKS, Roy, RM1c
MARTIN, Edwin J., S2c
MARK, Jasper, Flc
MASETAWITZ, William C., CTM (PA)
MASON, Henry H., AM2c
MASTERS, Caryol E., S2c
MASTROTORA, Nicola, MM1c
MATHIEI, Robert S., S2c
MATHIES, Fred H., Jr., GM1c
MAYO, Cecil D., S1c
MCABE, Albert E., MM3c
MCCALLUM, David N., AMM2c

[11]
McKAIN, Rex L., EM3c
MEAGHER, Marion J., S2c
MEGISON, Herman E., S2c
MELOY, Robert F., Jr., Fmc
MEMMOTT, Max H., Slc
MENDONCA, John W., MM3c
MEREDITH, Geral G., S2c
MERRIMAN, Charles W., Flc
MERRITT, Edward J., QM3c
MERRITT, Gilbert R., CM (AA)
MEYER, Charles M., S2c
MEYER, Chester B., S2c
MICHALSKI, Joseph A., S2c
MIGLIORE, Joseph W., Slc
MILES, Bill J., S2c
MILLER, Lloyd W., WT3c
MILLER, Robert W., Jr., Bkr1c
MOODY, Reuben F., Slc
MOORE, Derrell A., Ftc
MOORE, Paul, Jr., TM3c
MORAN, John H., SC3c
MORATH, George H., GM2c
MORGAN, Ralph W., BM1c
MORRIS, Arvin E., MM3c
MORRIS, Robert A., S2c
MORRISSEY, John M., SF2c
MOWDY, Charles W., S2c
MOY, Hing F., S2c
MUNZ, John C., Jr., Slc
MURPHY, James O., MM3c
MYERS, Bernard A., CM2c
MYSLICKI, Raymond M., S2c
NAPIER, Ed H., S2c
NELSON, David A., S2c
NELSON, John W., WT2c
NEMCHEK, Andrew W., S2c
NETTERVILLE, William M., Jr., AMM2c
NEVILLE, John T., GM1c
NEVILLE, William C., Y1c
NEWMAN, Leon R., S2c
NIelsen, Wallace H., S2c
NIelsen, Howard H., S2c
NOYES, John, Jr., S2c
O’BRIEN, Francis X., S1c
O’CONNELL, Robert E., WT2c
OHLEFS, Wallace C., Y2c
OLIVER, Carroll L. G., CM3c
OLSON, Robert A., S2c
ORR, Glenn J., BM1c
OSTMAN, Roy C., S2c
OSTRANGER, LeRoy, EM1c
PALMISANO, Vincent J., S2c
PARKER, William L., S2c
PARKS, Kenneth H., S2c
PARSONS, Donald W., AMM3c
PARSONS, Thomas N., SK3c
PATTERSON, Howard F., S2c
PATTON, Robert L., S2c
PATTON, Ralph B., S2c
PAWELCZAK, Edward F., S2c
PEDERSON, Roy M., GM3c
PELVIIT, George H., B1c
PERLOF, Andrew, S2c
PERRIN, Richard A., S2c
PERRONI, Anthony, EM2c
PERROUX, Frederic A., S2c
PIERCE, Roy F., S1c
PILDIS, Basilus, Ftc
PITNEY, Marvin M., WT1c
PIZZO, Ferdinand C., Bgmsr2c
POPE, William D., S1c
POWERS, Garfield, Y2c
PRICER, George W., SK3c
PRISINZANO, Santo J., S1c
RADINSKY, Edmund L., CEM (AA)
RAGLAND, Joe M., StM3c
RAY, William H., S2c
REED, Frank D., Ftc
REEDY, Richard L., MM3c
REID, Glenn W., Ftc
RESER, Howard F., PhoM2c
REUTER, Samuel, Y2c
REYES, Pedro, StM2c
RICE, Jack N., CBM (AA)
RICHARDS, Billy J., S2c
RICHARDSON, Donald M., RT3c
RILEY, Robert A., S2c
RILEY, Roy R., S1c
ROBBINS, Stanley E., S2c
ROBERTS, James G., S2c
ROBERSON, Lawrence H., StM2c
ROBERTSON, Earl Cox
ROBINSON, Bernard L., RM3c
ROSE, James E., StM2c
ROSENBERGER, Albert H., MM3c
ROSS, Lawrence L., S2c
ROUSH, David S., EM2c
RUDELL, Henry, MM2c
RUGALA, Stanley A., S1c
SALMONS, Fred W., S2c
ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

SAMUELS, Henry D., Cox
SAWERS, Clinton D., HA1c
SCHWARTZ, Robert L., Sk1c
SCOTT, Frederick M., EM3c
SEALS, Hoyet, M1c
SEMORILE, John L., EM2c
SHEPPARD, James E., SK1c
SHERWOOD, Gail D., Sk1c
SHRADER, William F., Sk1c
SIMERLINK, David J., Sk1c
SIMPLER, Roland A., MM3c
SINGLER, Jack A., EM1c
SMALLWOOD, Robert C., SK2e
SMART, Raymond H., Jr., CM1c
SMID, Thomas F., CSM(AA)
SMITH, Carl C., CRM(PA)
SMITH, Elgin L., RM3c
SMITH, Leslie M., Cox
SMITH, Lewis, Jr., StM1c
SMITH, William R., AMM2c
SNEED, William G., Jr., MM1c
SORENSEN, Raymond, S2c
SPERRING, Robert, SC1c
SPRATT, Elzy W., S1c
SPRINGER, William R., Jr., S1c
STEADMAN, Alvin C., Y3c
STEEN, Harold B., S1c
STRINGER, William H., AS
STRZYZEWSKI, Leonard J., S2c
SUDDOCK, Joe, Jr., F2c
SUTTON, George H., Jr., AMM2c
SVENSK, Paul G., S2c
SYKES, Horace G., CSK(PA)
TARTAKOV, Milton, AMM3c
TESKY, Harold S., EM1c
THOMAS, Jack R., AMM1c
TILLEY, Stanley B., Bkr2c
TODD, Thomas H., CWT(PA)
TOOLEY, Kenneth E., AMM2c
TOOMEY, Raymond R., F1c
TOY, Thomas, AM2c
TRAMBLE, Robert L., Y2c
TULLIS, Harry E., RM1c
URBANCZYK, Joseph V., TM3c
VALASATY, Russell F., MM1c
VANDERVEEN, Donald L., Cox
VANSICKEL, Lloyd E., EM1c
VEATCH, Robert B., PhM2c
VRITIS, William J., Sk1c
WALKER, Eddie, StM1c
WALL, Arthur E., GM1c
WARNER, Francis J., PhoM1c
WATKINS, Fielding J., Cox
WELLS, Alva E., CBM(PA)
WELLS, Paul C., SC3c
WHITE, Robert E., F1c
WILLIAMS, Glenn S., S2c
WILSON, James V., PhM2c
WINKLER, Carl A., S2c
WINSLOW, John M., PhoM3c
WINTERS, Frank J., PhM1c
WOOD, Frederick N., EM3c
WRIGHT, Charles E., S2c
WRIGHT, Robert K., Bkr3c
WYPIJEWSKI, Ervin J., F1c
YEARSLEY, Maurice C., RT2c
YINGER, Ervin E., S1c
YOUNG, John F., Jr., Y3c
ZUPPA, Fred A., S2c
First Salty Strides...
Sowing Seeds of Lead for Future Harvest

Gunnery Officer Lieutenant McClintick drills aspiring marksmen

Gunnery Officer, Lt. W. R. McClintick, and Chief Gunner P. W. Braden (blue jacket), drill aspiring 20mm marksmen to needle dive-bombers.

One of 20mm Battery No. 22's Red Hot Crews test-firing.

Fire One! Lt. R. M. Hurd's 5"/38 cal. crew practice for deadly speed. Gun Captain is Chief Gunner's Mate Brown (blue jacket).

Stations- Battery Officer George Jensen (top right) watches Lt. McClintick (in parka) drill 40mm crew No. 47.

40mm crew firing at towed sleeve to develop essential teamwork demanded later against Jap torpedo planes.

Lt. Hurd test fires the 5"/38 cal. gun which was later credited with one and one-half planes. The one-half results from sharing honors with another ship.
First smell of gunpowder for the "Baby" and many of her crew as the guns are baptized—those guns which were destined to blaze defiance and death to the enemy in the far stretches in the Pacific.

Test firing completed, the ship steams onward to a rendezvous with a fleet oiler.

Like Siamese Twins with the lifeblood of the Navy flowing between them, the Savo drinks from her oiler far out at sea. This "secret weapon" of our fleet was to play a vital role in operations to come where the hovering blimp would be replaced by our broad of fighting planes. There guns would be manned in earnest and all eyes scanning the hostile sea and air for Japs anxious to catch us in this compromising maneuver.
First, a Wartime shakedown.
Ferrying Planes and Marines—DESTINATION UNKNOWN!

"Up in the air" but "under control."

Double-time on this job, boys. Look what's waiting across the bay.

A tractor needs gas to pull a plane; in the meantime, "Bring on the Marines."

It takes all makes, shapes, and sizes—a view from fly-control.

Step up here on the signal bridge for a better look.

"From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of..."
THEY CAME AND WENT -- INFORMALLY

Both Men And

Machines
TESTING THE CATAPULT

They call it a "dead-load" shot. It tests the performance of our catapult without risking a pilot's neck. Weighs the same as a plane—I wonder if it'll fly. Let 'er go!

You're on your own now.

Jumpin' blue blazes, it does fly!

Whoops!

"A fluid exerts, upon a body submerged in it, an upward force equal to the weight of the volume of fluid displaced by that body." Archimedes.

Well, it was a good try.
Machinist Mates have a filing system all their own out on the fantail where the breeze blows strong.

Their best friend were their guns—and the bigger the better. Gunners continually pampered their barrel-chested babies and gave 'em the old oil.

The Black Gang went in for "split-'N-polish," too. Theirs was a valve's-eye view of victory and their service as great as any of the more publicized departments.

Plane jockies never were left at the post—the winner's purse was SURVIVAL.

Cox'ns and budding Bos'ns got down to fundamentals, i.e., when not to a knot and how not to knot a . . . well, why not?

Airdales rehearse the intricacies of precision plane spotting and keep cool by "bathing" in the slip-stream.
A MAN MUST EAT . . .

but whether necessity or pleasure depends upon . . .

The Beany Brain Trust who supply the Brawn Trust by courtesy of the Beef Trust.

Some can take it and laugh; some . . . well, look! Must be that rare wardroom delicacy—chile and rice.

One of the two speedy service mess lines aboard the Savo, specializing in tempting dishes from all over the world, especially Australia.

Corner shot of one of the 78's two large mess compartments, showing occupants busily engaged.

The Wardroom Galley—caught in a quiet moment between meals—when the 110 officers descended thrice daily, this place looked like the inside of a subway during rush hour.

Senior officers' Table No. 1—they never complained!
Crew members in Uncle Sam's battle-proven "baby flat-tops" relieved each other on watch duty, deep in Japanese home waters, in order that all hands could have an opportunity to attend divine services. Although frequently delayed, and sometimes interrupted by combat, Sunday and special services were never omitted from shipboard routine.

The chapel aboard an escort carrier is set up to meet the fighting efficiency of the ship. Bomb disposal will result in transferring services from the crew's mess hall (pictured above) to either the windward or leeward passageways (accompanying picture), depending upon which of those areas also is needed for enemy plane recognition classes. Favorable weather brings the services outboard—on the forecastle if stores are being loaded on the fantail, or on the fantail if the anchor crew or side-cleaners are busy on the foreward decks.

Center of the ship's religious life is the Chaplain, known in aviation parlance aboard carriers as "Padre." Pictured above is Padre or Reverend James A. Dolan, Lieutenant, (Ch.C.) U.S.N.R., for-
mer priest of the Archdiocesan Mission Group of Chicago; and below his successor, Father James J. Cullinan of Boston.

Typical of the escort carriers, whose front-line battle records surpassed even the fondest expectations of the Navy, was the Savo. "All things to all men," the Chaplain regularly conducted separate services for those of all faiths, including Catholic, Protestant, Hebrew, Mormon, and Christian Science. Signal flags usually were strung to form the sanctuary, and a portable altar with full equipment and vestments was supplied by the Navy.

Shipboard Chaplains also paralleled their civilian duties with regular consolation and social adjustment correspondence with sailors' relatives, as well as comfort calls at the spotless sickbay. Their collateral duties included such social services as editing the ship's daily newspaper, guiding men in purchasing war bonds and insurance, and in organizing "happy hour" stunt events, amateur theatricals, glee clubs, and game tournaments. It may be surprising to learn that a Chaplain's battle station was on the open bridge where, via a public address system, he kept the crew informed as to the progress of the battle.

The Savo's Chaplain's experiences indicated several findings contrary to popular belief. In their opinion battle fright made few permanent "converts"; the looseness of wartime living neither weakened nor destroyed the church habits and faith of normally religious men; wartime shipboard church attendance closely paralleled that of peacetime civilian life; God-fearing men made excellent fighters when convinced that their cause was righteous.
EKSTROM AT FIRESIDE

TROPICAL SECONDE CHANNEL

BEAUTIOUS PALLAKULI BAY

HISTORIC GUADALCANAL

FAMOUS TOW-FLOAT DRYDOCK
WORD!

TULAGI AND THE BIG
AND LITTLE FLORIDAS

ESPIRITU SANTO
NEW HEBRIDES

Then "Up the Slot"
THE REASON!
PLANES, FUEL, AMMUNITION FOR THE FUTURE CAMPAIGNS
AT RABAUL, NEW GEORGIA, NEW GUINEA

Yo-Ho, Heave Ho—

The Savo adopts a new war-baby.

Hey, put out that cigarette!

Loaded cigars to blow up in the yap of a Jap.
NEVER A DULL MOMENT!
Two Unscheduled Events

Pin-Point Islet

Funa Futi
Ellice Islands

Neptunus Rex

Ahoy!

Jolly Roger's flying topside... but it's not so jolly below deck right now for any poor "Pollywog."

Ancient Order of the Deep...

To All Good Sailors Of The Seven Seas,
Greetings and Know Ye That:
John Q. America S1C, U.S. Navy
has been duly initiated this 20 day Calvini into the mysteries of the deep in keeping with the venerable traditions of the naval. On an official mission southward in West Longitude Latitude, departed...

Given under my hand and seal this date...

Davey Jones
His Majesty's Scribe

Neptunus Rex
Ruler of the Raging Main.

Imperial Domain of the Golden Dragon

John Q. America S1C
was duly inducted into
the silent mysteries of the Far East
having crossed the 180th Meridian on
April 5, 1944

on board the
U.S.S. Sato Island (CVE 78)

U.S.S. Sato Island (CVE 78)
August Ruler of the 180th
golden Dragon
The Fledgling Gets Its Wings of War...
Preliminary kinks "all ironed out," the Savo settles down to the smooth organization perfected to withstand the wear and tear, strife and strain of long, arduous combat operations.

Health is the keystone of the floating fortress. Complete equipment and a skilled staff are ready for any emergency, from scratches to major operations.

Meanwhile, routine physical and dental care function with routine regularity.

Dental laboratory and medical darkroom are coordinated for X-ray examination.
A-tisket, a-tasket, write a letter to your Love, and on the way the Navy will NOT drop it! Despite enemy action, high seas, and the constant flow of men and material across the longest supply routes ever known to man, the Navy postman always rings the bell—and not only twice.

Deliveries were not always prompt. Naval addresses frequently were aboard ships operating under secret orders, or literally blazing trails where even other naval vessels, containing mail, dared not follow. Munitions, medicines, food, maintenance and construction materials and equipment, of course, took priority. The ever-changing personal addresses, due to transfers, promotions, illness, and sinkings, also complicated an already complex problem of "cherchez l'homme." Then, too, there was the possibility that the mail would receive an enemy-inspired ducking en route.

However, each problem toward the mirage of perfection was constantly attended. The Navy took its mail very seriously. It was the unvarying answer to almost every problem of morale during extended cruises and operations.

Even if your letter had gone to the bottom with an ill-fated ship, unless in mid-ocean, odds were in your favor that it would be salvaged and eventually delivered. Many letters survived such duckings and went on to chase their recipients up through promotions; on through transfers in duty destinations; impromptu tours aboard life rafts; and still on, completely around the world, and still be delivered!

Navy mail delivery posed a paradoxical blend of informal integrity and elastic efficiency.

The delivery of mail at sea may have been "hitch-hiked" via destroyers, escort vessels, freighters, oilers, carriers, and all types of planes. Transfers from jeep to plane, to truck, to several types of ships, and thence to an infinite variety of small boats, were frequent—but they kept the mail moving, always nearer that most elusive of goals—a ship at sea.

However informal and spontaneous the transportation may have been, every card, letter, or package was guarded and handled with as much vigilance as was called for at anyplace "at home." Trained, official Navy mailmen with the added authority and protection of the ever-present duty belt containing pistol and more than sufficient ammunition, enforced safety and security at every handling.

At sea, the transfer of mail was achieved by use of the traditionally thrilling, and surprisingly safe, breeches buoy—a rope span on which men and mail are cabled from ship to ship across intervening water by hand-drawn trolley. Sub-deliveries among carrier divisions were expedited by plane. Deliveries from carriers to other type vessels frequently were accomplished by drops—low-level "bombing" the receiving ship's deck with mail bags. When anchored in a harbor, bay or lagoon, mail was handled directly from ship to shore, always by regularly-accredited military mailmen, either in the ship's own motor whaleboats or in shore-based landing barges salvaged from the island's original landing operation. In a heavy sea the job is rough, but it is handled with efficient seamanship and care.

Once aboard, the mail is sorted by divisions immediately and delivered personally with maximum speed via division petty officers.

Writing and receiving letters is the solution to almost every problem of morale during extended operations. During evenings aboard an escort carrier, these off-duty convert the screw's messing compartment into a makeshift but comfortable writing room where a man may enjoy tidbits from the "gee-dunk" store and relieve his mind in spiritual communion with those at home.

An escort carrier's postoffice is the epitome of efficient installations adequate for a town of 3,000 population. It frequently handles a daily total of 2,400 outgoing airmail letters alone. Incoming mail reaches twelve-bag proportions, but ran as high as thirty-eight bags, approximately 100,000 letters, which were distributed and personally delivered within five hours.
Shipboard postoffices are the epitome of efficient installations that could adequately handle the needs of a town of 3,000 population. Despite the menace of dampness, envelopes and stamps of all denominations are kept available. Every facility found in any civilian postoffice, except postal savings, is at ready hand for every man aboard, plus the added conveniences of wrapping paper and twine. Military-franked mail, air mail, V-mail, parcel post, insurance and registration—all flow through the ship postoffice with ease and dispatch.

One of the sea-going postal clerk’s greatest services is rendered with money orders. In this respect they become an essential link between the sailor and every conceivable type contact back “stateside.” To accommodate the demand immediately following semi-monthly paydays, special money order facilities to handle a spot turnover of five to eight thousand dollars are set up in the crew’s messing compartment.

An escort carrier’s postal department, for example, consisted of a Communications Department officer in charge, one Mail Specialist 2/c, and one non-rated Mail Specialist Striker (apprentice). Aboard the Savo, within fourteen months, about 1,000 registered parcels and nearly 3,000 money orders were accommodated. One day’s money orders alone totaled $8,914.65, and over $160,000 during the fourteen month period.

The quantity of outgoing letters soared to a daily high of 2,400 air mail letters alone, and stamp sales reached daily totals of $500 after a bonanza of delayed incoming mail. Normal daily bulk reached twelve-bag proportions following calls at ports where souvenirs were available. Thirty-eight bags totalling approximately 100,000 letters were received at the conclusion of the Savo Island’s operations during the initial stages of the occupation of Okinawa. During a one-day Christmas influx, two hundred bags of packages and letters taxed the ship’s facilities to the limit, but were distributed within five hours.

Yes, it was a big job for a small group of men. But escort carriers are small, too, as modern warships go—and they were doing a big job in every way. One of the reasons was a peculiar and exclusive type of morale that germinates with service aboard the “baby flat-tops.”

CVE mailmen spelled that word “morale” M-A-I-L!
Unheralded, Unsung, and Unseen, the Aircraft Carrier’s Aerography Department Charts Its Most Successful Missions

Carrier-covied eagles preyed on Japanese shipping; disrupted enemy communications, fortifications, and supplies; covered army and marine landings; and simultaneously protected the supporting fleet. That’s all a well-known lesson in American can-do, learned from headlines that harvested a hell-brewed holocaust for the Sons of Heaven from the Coral Sea to the rock-ribbed shores of Nansei Shoto.

But there is a story behind those stories—the little-known, and even less appreciated, ceaseless vigil of the aerographer and his handful of specialists upon whom depended the success or failure of any carrier strike, or even an entire operation.

Day and night they charted the sun and the moon, detected vagrant monsoons, tracked the whimsies of temperamental temperatures, measured the wind and weighed the rain, and reported the chances of man and machine against the elements.

Their communications were garbled, to the civilian eye, with unbroken numerical codes. Their endless flow of charts and tabulations were studded with mysterious symbols. Their intricate machines were both super-sensitive and delicate, with such cabalistic names as microbarograph, theodolite, hydro-thermograph, physchrometer, selsyn anemometer, and radio-sonde. But the net result, upon which every operation waited, was a “green light” from the Aerography Department.

High up in the gallery deck and just forward of the twin-forty gun bay, the Savo Island’s aerography crew of three especially-rated men and college-trained officer harnessed the heavens and sent the reins to navigator, engineer, watch officer, aviator, and to those who dealt with the ship’s overall security. Upon the aerographers’ reports depended such decisions as the type and quantity of bomb loads to be car-
ried by the carrier's planes: the type lens to be used on photo reconnaissance hops; often the very nature of an attack, as well as the course, altitude, and even the immediate objective of the strike.

The dangers from variable currents, monsoons, and treacherous seas that traditionally haunt the waters off the coasts of the Philippines, China, and Japan were patently considered a natural defense by the erudite Nipponese. It was an ace card they smugly held up their silk-kimonaed sleeve. What they did not anticipate was the U. S. Navy's "hidden hand"—carrier aerography departments that supplied informative bidding for every trump in the game of sea-born airpower.

Typical of the armada of Uncle Sam's battle-proven "baby flat-tops" whose exploits exceeded even the Navy's fondest original expectations, was the U. S. S. Savo Island (CVE 78). Veteran of nearly every major assault coverage from the Palaus to the Rykuyus, her aerography department met assaults of enemy and elements with equanimity and a modernized weather eye.

Pictured here are some of the routine duties performed by her aerographers: Lt. (j.g.) Edward J. Terhaar, Westwood, Calif.; Joseph F. Kivett, AerM 1/c, Miami, Fla.; Olin C. Kauffman, AerM 2/c, Ruleton, Kan.; and Rudolph L. Mahalik, AerM 2/c, Joliet, Ill.
THEY FOUGHT WITH FILM

Some of the most dangerous and important missions that preceded, accompanied, and followed every carrier-based air strike were conducted by the "Photo Joes" of the fleet. These men, usually with civilian photographic backgrounds, and always graduates of highly specialized naval photography schools, served both as the eyes and lips of all direct-target strategy.

Seventeen types of cameras with assorted filters and special gadgets were used in the carrier photographer's multiple duties which had to succeed despite every extreme in handicaps devised by the enemy or the elements. His developing, printing, enlarging, and mapping was accomplished in a compact double compartment that bristled with the best equipment made. Supplies and instruments had to be protected from the salt erosion of the sea and the fumes and fire of heavy engagements.

Aerial reconnaissance, preceding strikes, were commonly known. Much less was known of manifold other duties by the fleet photographers. Low-flying, slow-speed sorties with infra-red-equipped cameras were flown to ferret out camouflaged emplacements that slowed the landing or ground advance once the Navy had seen the army and marines solidly ashore.

Aerial shots of enemy shipping, reinforcements, communications and supply routes, all taken during the height of an assault, kept bomb and fighter pilots of all commands constantly informed of a steady flow of "targets of opportunity." The net result of a strike, or the progress of a battle, was never assayed until the irrefutable lips of the camera crew had spoken. In warfare, one believes only what he actually sees, and after what is seen is further examined by special interpreting equipment.

Obtaining hundreds of clear and exacting pictures of enemy territory at specified altitudes, angles, and approaches was but the beginning of Photo Joe's job. He and his mates then had to fit them all together, like the most intricate jig-saw puzzle, into exact scale maps. Such photo maps were the life blood of every successful campaign, large or small.

Also the responsibility of the photography department were the strip-film cameras installed on Navy planes, synchronized with the guns to record and confirm accuracy of aim and claim; also to document combat reports.

Perhaps most underestimated danger in the carrier photographer's routine duties was his assignment to record plane landings for ever-vigilant pilots, signal officer, and arresting gear engineers. If an accident occurred, the picture story was invariably at hand to determine not only the cause, but also remedial and preventative efforts. On this job, cameras are trained on every plane from the "cross-leg" stage of the approach until the machine quivers to a stop twenty feet from the lens. The nearest civilian equivalent to this routine chore would be standing in the path of a roaring express, the engineer of which had promised to brake the engine a few yards short of collision with said civilian—if he could.

The open bridge was not the healthiest place in the world during an engagement, but it was Photo Joe's battle station during every combat. Mist, fog, rain, salt spray, sun glare, explosive concussion, the heaving of the ship, all beset the cameraman at such times, not to mention such items as the whine of shells and shrapnel, the buzz of lead bees, and the din of battle. It was a hot spot for those with cool nerves. But day and night the Navy's photographers were taking it and telling it, with fast film and wide lens—"the greatest show on earth!"
The fire resulting from this explosion was under control within an hour. Planes continued operations throughout the battle, a three-day running dog fight, during the first breach through the Philippines and on west to Mindoro Island.

Center—Photographer's Mate 2/c Gilbert S. Hamilton, USNR, of Richmond, Indiana, rushés prints hot from the flight photographers' cameras. Prints were available within thirty minutes for impatient intelligence officers and chafing pilots.

Right—Photo Joe missed none of the thrills. This flaming comet was a Jap "Betty" (heavy bomber) loaded with dynamite and determined to carry the U.S.S. Omaney Bay (CVE 79) with her to a violent death. "The Benai Boys" hit the height of their futile program during the Lingayen Gulf invasion of Luzon. Too many, like this Nipponese pilot and crew, found Yank marksmanship and CVE maneuverability too hot to handle, even when all the chips were down.

TOP INSETS: Left—Captain Ekstrom and Commander Percival W. Jackson of Hyde Park, N. Y., skipper of the now famous record-breaking Squadron VC-27 "Saints," count their Jap air and surface victims. Picture was taken at the time naval aerial warfare over the Philippines was passing into history.

Right—Accidents did happen. Wounded or fatigued pilots, flak-eaten and bullet-stitched planes, heavy seas, rainy weather, and tricky winds gave the Savo photographers all the thrills of a ringside seat at the Devil's Arena.

CENTER ROW: Left—Gordon F. Barrow, PhoM 2/c, USNR, of Savannah, Georgia, was the Savo's equivalent to an electric eye. The slightest variance from routine was instantly caught, for study and correction, from Barrow's mast-platform station high among the CVE's shrouds and antennae.

Center—Uncle Sam's most amazingly successful "baby flat-top" division deploys for action in the South China Sea. The full story of the CVE's has yet to be told, but their exploits far exceeded the Navy's fondest original expectations.

Right—Decorated for competence under fire, while flying over the enemy fleet during the famous Battle of Leyte Gulf, Howard F. Reser, PhoM 1/c, USNR, of Seattle, Washington, typified the best of CVE shutterbugs whom the Japs just couldn't shut up. He kissed (with Kodachrome) and his photos told!

LOWER INSETS: Left—Traditional shipboard routines remained adamant and proved their disciplinary value during stress of battle. All-hands muster of flight deck parade provided checks against missing or injured personnel after every engagement.

Right—An escort carrier's TBM "Avenger" lays an egg on the once-lucrative Jap stronghold of Palau, key island in the Palaus—first major objective assigned exclusive CVE direct support, in September, 1944.

BOTTOM ROW: Left—At long last, the valiant Omaney Bay's luck ran out. CVE's were expendable, and the Omaney Bay's loss was part of the price paid for the overwhelming success at Luzon. Strong winds rendered forced draft to the flames shortly before she was sunk by torpedoes from her own escorting destroyers.

CENTER—To Photographer's Mate 2/c John M. Winslow, USNR, of Hertford, North Carolina, fell the responsibility of stocking and cataloging the tremendous photographic needs of the Savo's compact but completely equipped laboratory. Variable temperatures, salt erosion, and chemicals were his chief worries.

Right—No, you're wrong. Bracketed by two suicide dive-bombers, this doughty CVE just ploughed ahead and fulfilled her mission. The misses were close enough to clip the hands off one lookout and decapitate the adjacent man on station. Too many such misses, and speedy Yank repairs when occasional hits were scored, reversed the original Jap conception into mass hiri-kari of Nippon's air power.
The Old Navy Line!

And at the Bitter End of Each Line There Mushroomed New Conveniences, Luxuries, and Surprises Prerequisite to the Savo's Self-Sustaining Seagoing Community

It's a racket—they're rolling in dough!

Can you have them finished in time for liberty?

Cut it short—make mine a quick trim!

Make mine two cakes and three chocolate sundaes.
No Hershins. All we have left are those tropical yeast cakes.

The Padre's Assistant—he embodied the soul of the Savo.
Hope they don't run out before I get there.
Birds of a Feather!

July 6, 1944, calendared the red-letter arrival of the Savo's first and most famous fliers—Composite Squadron VC-27. The Savo and "The Saints" were destined to write history and records in escort-carrier warfare in far western skies.

Meanwhile, prepared for combat coordination with its air arm was the ship's combat information team of radar fighter direction officers and specialized enlisted men.


The old Navy teamwork paid off many times; hit the jackpot at Sakishima where a minimum of 14 raids at a time boxed the Savo within an 18-mile square throughout the night of April 28, 1946.
VC-27 "SAINTS"


VC-27 BOMBER PILOTS

Left to right, kneeling: Lt. (jg) Laurence E. MacFawn, East Weymouth, Mass.; Lt. (jg) William E. Fadden, Westfield, N. J.; Spohn, Cowlitz, Wash.; W. Jackson, Goshen, Ct.; O'Brien, H. C.; O'Brien, J. J.; Elder, L. P., AMM2c; Bethany, M. J., AM2c; Kitter, C. H., AOM2c; Ackerman, T. M., AMC2c; Johnson, H. B., AMC2c; Parker, R. C., AMC2c; Jacobson, C. S., ACM2c; Hatch, H. E., AMM2c; Roman, G. S., ARM3c; Johnson, H. F., ACM2c; Miller, W. C., AMC2c; Durwood, T. M., ACM2c; Romm, R. C.; F. W., ACM2c; Lewis, S. B., ACM2c; Baas, J. E., ACM2c; Jackson, N. Macfawn, Lt. (jg) John T. Ross, Jr., Lackawanna, N. Y.; Lt. (jg) John T. Yeaman, Westfield, Mo.


Note: Cocker Spaniel mascot, Dilbert, was kidnapped just prior to the Squadron's departure from Brown Field, California, last July.

VC-27 FIGHTER PILOTS


* Killed or missing in action.

MAYHEW
Killed in action.

MOELTER
Killed in action.
Typical of, and collateral with, the development of CVE warfare is the meteoric rise to a stellar role in the constituted their swan song for VC-27's "Saints." Into their history also is written the grim but colorful saga of the baby flat-tops and their meteoric rise to a stellar role in the U.S. Navy's relentless Nip hunt.

Battered and battered at the seams by such preliminary punch as those accomplished by Fighter Squadron "Fighting Two" and Vice Adm. Marc A. Mitscher's conquering Composite 27, the Top Ranking Escort Composite Squadron, the story of the top-ranking carrier escort composite squadron of CVEs, was a story of the lightweight antagonist that started stalking the Rising Sun with mailed coat, born in battle, and nurtured on Nipponese vengeance. The baby CVEs' exploits were to be as long and deadly as a tarantula, proving that their loss as expendables could be as long and deadly as a tarantula. At the bell of command they rushed from a lull in the fighting to blunt their fire power beyond range of the pursuing Japanese forces to blunt their fire power beyond range of the pursuing Japanese forces, and sent to their ancestors in less than ten minutes during the Battle of Leyte Gulf.

But like the fabled ear of typical American corn, the armada of mighty midgets-400 topping in all and ending in all at times. Encountered wizened captains and their air commanders welcomed their David-and-Goliath opportunity. To them, orders were orders. If they were the same orders that had demanded so much of the great carriers, crewsmen of the baby nips and their mates eagerly shopped with traditional Navy nonchalance and battle phrase, "Wilco-Out!"

If they lacked height and reach for a stooping match, they were brawn from within. At the bell of command they rushed from all corners and angles spelling aglomeration the baby CVEs' flats. Under the impact of excellent marksmanship and deliberate daring, what started themelves as "Kaiser's Coffins," would be easy to rough up in close-body work wear the Japanese house ballistic.

Battered but not broken, the little-armed CVEs, dubbed by the midgets started popping in all directions and at all times. Escort carrier Coffins," roused the Japanese to a direct assault support role less than three weeks later at the Leyte Gulf. Brisk and the runners were out.

Through narrow channels, mine fields, and under the very noses of the pursuing Japanese forces, they fought their way in and slugged their way out. They would raise havoc and even less-armored CVE's from the seas. The historical running Battle of the Philippine Sea, lighted by the glow of sixty-two burning Japanese planes at a combined naval and air assault, exploded into costly misadventure even for those remnants of the Imperial Navy that had demanded so much of the great carriers.

Although built around six veterans of the 1944 Solomons and Aleutian campaigns, twenty-nine of VC-27's forty returning pilots flew their first combat missions in September conquest of the Palau Islands hardly seven months before. In that time, all or most of every Japanese plane, three of which were packaged into the squadron's record. Commissioned February 3, 1944, the Savo Island was skippered by hard-living lightweight planestudent William D. Anderson.

The squadron's ace was Fighter Leader Ralph A. Elliott, 24-year-old former University of Illinois basketball star from Milford, who has a certified check on nine Japanese planes, three of which were packaged and sent to their ancestors in less than ten minutes during the Battle of Leyte Gulf.

Most unusual feat was rung up by a replacement fighter pilot, Robert E. Plether, 23, former Northwestern University student and Midland, Pennsylvania, steel worker. The Redcoat (Pears) youth downed four of his four and one-half "Zeke's" the first time he ever saw an enemy, within a frenzied hour and eighteen minutes over land and sea during the San Fabian attack at the height of the Leyte Gulf invasion.

And individuals they were. Not mere automatons, although welded together by prodigious planning and strict self-discipline, to which the pilots as individuals.

Possessing the bodies of a spider, the CVEs' proved their tentacles could be as long and deadly as a tarantula. Sired in an average of two and one-half Japanese planes each. They were the same orders that had demanded so much of the great carriers, crewsmen of the baby nips and their mates eagerly shopped with traditional Navy nonchalance and battle phrase, "Wilco-Out!"

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As H-hour approaches, our craft assemble.

A fitting setting. In the shadows of Savo, that memorable island pin point after which our ship was proudly named, a rendezvous is executed.

Some feint and orbit, as others follow through.

The hour is at hand.

Wave after wave of glow worms.

REHEARSAL

It takes practice to play a part. Last week in August, 1944, portions of a huge fleet rendezvous for practice maneuver off the shores of Guadalcanal.
FOR HELL

The Big Show scheduled for two weeks hence demands detailed preparation. Let's watch Act I, Landing of Troops, in rehearsal.

The objective, an attractive coconut grove.

On adjacent beaches others swim, then roll, ashore.

There are no traffic lights here.

A Jap's bird's-eye view.

All appears quiet in that grove—but we know better.
The "Saints" came out fighting from the start. They added eagerness to their skill of training and soon were wise with experience. We learned with them and while they were off hitting the Japs, we waited tensely for their return—wondering, hoping, sweating.

Sometimes they returned lucky to get their damaged planes aboard at all, sometimes it was a straight clean uneventful landing on the center line. Sometimes the fighters came in doing a "slow roll" (a slow roll signifies the destruction of an enemy plane) and more flags went on the bridge. Sometimes they didn't come back at all.

And the waiting continued, and to the hoping were added prayers, answered when word was received that another tin can was willing to trade us a slightly damp pilot and two aircrewmen for twenty gallons of ice cream. Then they came back with smiles, and they came back wounded. We wish all could have come back.
It was the first action, and it wasn't exactly as it had been expected. It meant flying, flying, flying, as long as there was light, every day. It had to be thorough, complete, destructive, for the Army depended on us; the Marines counted on us.

The job was done. It wasn't pretty in spite of the light puffy clouds and the curling surf on the reef. The earth was churned, seared, scarred sterile from our bombs and the bombardment of the heavy units our planes protected. It wasn't pretty, but it was beautiful to us.

All was serene—once.

Pelelieu—now it begins.

VC-27 haircut and Savo shave.
The Palau landings demonstrated the effectiveness of close support operations and showed what CVE’s could do. Here the enemy was stunned, lost his installations and planes, and was driven to caves in the hills. Here the Savo was baptized in combat.
STAGING IN NEWLY-WON

Task Group 77.4 (Carrier Group) leaving Kossol Passage, Palau Islands, January 1, 1945, for the seizure and occupation of Lingayen

KOSSOL PASSAGE

Gulf, Luzon Island, Philippines, under the command of Rear Admiral C. T. Durgin, USN, aboard the U.S.S. Makin Island (CVE-93).

History was in the making as TG 77.4, consisting of three units of CVEs and their screens, sortied from Manus, Admiralty Islands, on October 12, for these "jeeps" were to take their places in the front line of combat against the strongest surface ships the Japs had—and come out scarred, but victorious.

TF 77, also including the old BBs and cruisers, gained such complete mastery of Visayan sea and air that MacArthur's mighty armada of troop transports was able to pro-
ceed without mishap and land on Leyte on schedule, October 20.

Rumors persisted that Jap heavy units had been spotted at Singapore, and the Nip carriers were forming north of Formosa, but the war seemed routine to the men of the Sauo. Each day the daring "Saints" of VC-27 brought back stories of Filipinos waving greetings to them and of pretty country girls in canoes. The situation seemed completely in hand.
October 24, enemy surface units were spotted approaching from the west and carrier units were heading south. Our 3rd fleet planes caught the Jap central force, but didn’t turn it back. That night TF-38 steamed north to intercept the Nip carrier force, the old BBs stayed in Leyte Gulf, and we waited east of Samar.

Dawn the 25th, word came from the Fanshaw Bay that the Jap central force had surprised their TU and were annihilating them with 4 BB’s, 5 CA’s, 1 CL and 11 DD’s. With the enemy 16 miles away and closing, our plight looked hopeless.
after their initial set-back, the CVE's and screens came out slugging. Two DD's and a DE made suicide runs, but the enemy kept coming. We launched torpedo planes, then ran. Two Jap CA's and a BB broke off and gave chase. Shells were falling between our screen and the CVE's when, with victory in sight, the Japs turned and fled. Our torpedo planes kept attacking, and the enemy force was sinking or limping when the 3rd fleet returned at noon.

The Gambier Bay and St. Lo had gone down with three screening ships and nearly every "jeep" in the other carrier units were damaged, but we were unscathed.
December brought no peace for the now battle-wise little ship. Our forces had a firm foothold in the Philippines, and the time was ripe to capitalize on the dearly-won victory at Leyte. December 10, 1944, witnessed the sortie from Kossol Roads in the Palaus of a strange diminutive task force composed of three old battleships, three cruisers, and six combatant escort carriers with their escorting destroyers bound for Mindoro. In the van was an amphibious force whose object was to establish an airfield within striking distance of Luzon. Under the protection of a moonless night, our force slipped through the narrow Surigao Straits, where less than two months before a powerful Jap task force had met almost complete annihilation. In the fever of apprehension, we were committed to a venture in which there could be no turning back, for

**Surigao Straits**

Jap barge sighted in Mindanao Sea.
Barge straddled with direct hits

**Mindanao Sea**

Jap barge aflame.
Barge's last look at the sky.

**Sulu Sea**

LOCATION: Lat. 09 06 N.
Long. 124 31 E.
One down—one to go (encircled).

here was enemy land and water on every side. A blazing sun rising over the glassy Sulu Sea brought out the first of the Japs to contest this audacious move of our little force.

Throughout the succeeding days (December 13-16) Squadron VC-27 alone shot down a total of nine enemy planes in combat and destroyed seven on the ground at the cost of one fighter pilot and plane (Ensign Moelter). The Savo’s guns accounted for another one and a half Jap planes. Try as they might with suicide, bombing and torpedo runs, the Japs could not cripple our scrappy force. Despite the determined enemy air opposition, our force shepherded the invasion troops through to their objective and turned back for the strait and the comparative comfort of the open Pacific, dropping anchor again at Kossol Roads on December 19.

We remember the Mindoro operation for the goose pimples it gave us when we first heard about it, for the habit of sleeping in our clothes, for our first close-up of the Philippines as we sailed within a stone’s throw of their enemy-held jungles and villages and stared at their brown-railed fishing boats entangled in our formation, for the two suiciders which singed the paint on the Marcus Island, for the resounding praise the Task Group Commander gave our “Battle Babies.”

“On our retirement from a dangerous and trying mission outstandingly and startlingly accomplished, the Task Group Commander wishes to express his pride in your job. He considers it his privilege to have been associated with you in its accomplishments. This group is the first combat team to consist of escort carriers with old battleships, cruisers and destroyers. Beyond any possibility of doubt the “Babies” proved themselves the equal of any. To the gunners, the engineers, the communicators, and all others, but most especially to our superb flyers, a heartfelt ‘well done.’”

Fire extinguished. Prepares a run on U.S.S. Manila Bay.

Changes direction toward U.S.S. Ommaney Bay.

Ommaney gunners score direct hits on Jap.

A perfect target for our gunners.

Looks like the finish.

Another explosion.

Smoke marks the spot. So Sorry!
Lady Luck Forsakes the Gallant Ommaney Bay

It was a hot Christmas in Seeadler Harbor, Manus, but a happy one even though most of our holiday gifts were moulding somewhere ashore in some ship's hold. But our respite was a brief one. The payoff on the great Philippine gamble was due. The Sace sailed from Manus two days later, ultimate destination Luzon, joined up with TG-77.4 at Kossol, and sortied on New Year's Day with 18 of her sister ships. This time the Surigao Straits held less awe, for our force packed a mighty wallop in the guns of its battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and planes.

Who will forget the sinking of the Ommaney Bay in the Sulu Sea after she was struck just off our port quarter, and the grim faces of the 72 of her crew who came aboard us that night? Or the suicider who kept on coming at us through a deadly hail of fire to tear away our antennas and signal halyards before smashing into the sea with a terrific explosion?
Those were hectic and desperate days. Our mission took us through the Sulu Sea into the South China Sea, thence to Lingayen Gulf, where for eleven days VC-27 poured lead and bombs into Jap defenses and fought off attackers over the ships in the gulf. This was the grand climax of our squadron’s brilliant career, for during the period from January 3rd to 17th they shot down 25 enemy planes and sank a submarine as well as several small surface craft. The ship itself added another flaming Jap plane to its scoreboard.

The Combatant CVE’s earned a permanent niche for themselves in naval history throughout the Philippine operations, though the price of glory was high—“A record for punishment absorption that has never been attained by any other type over such a short period.”

"Ralph Talbot" (DD-390) gets another.

Eyes sharp, boys; there are two up there.

Send us some more! Australian cruiser Shropshire bags one.

A Jap’s getting through.
Three Strikes and They’re Out!

He's leading for the Manila Bay.

A clean hit amidships.

She's hurt all right, and watch No. 2 following through.

Stew the tears and bouquets, men; that second baby has OUR number!
Savo’s Marksmanship Wins Duel to Death With “Banzai Boy”

I can see right up his gun barrels. And they’re spitting fire.

Look at that bomb under the fuselage.

Whew, that was close.

Close? Why look at the mast above the 24-inch searchlight.

Brother, we took a hit! Look at the radar screen base.

And the radar screen platform. The kamikaze sheared off his wing on our super-structure, scattering wreckage over the deck; but fell free of the ship and exploded in the water, riddling the skin of the hangar deck with fragmentation.

Hey, look what he did to our Flag. Now I am mad!
Commands change, but ships go on forever, and Jap pilots continued to meet their ancestors.

In brief ceremony, January 19, 1945, far west in the China Sea after Squadron VC-27's lucrative haul during the Luzon invasion, Captain William A. Anderson (center) relieved former Savo Island skipper, Captain Clarence E. Ekstrom (right). Comdr. Lowell S. Price (left), former air officer, previously had been elevated to executive officer.

The record-smashing VC-27 'Saints' were attached to the Savo Island during their seven-month Nip hunt from the Palau to the Philippines. Records of both ship and squadron speak for themselves and their motto: "The Japs Hate the 78." Together they set a new high in front-line warfare for Uncle Sam's new armada of "baby flat-tops."
January 6, 1945, proved another big day in VC-27’s terrific campaign against the Japs. On this morning, the Avengers were headed in to support the army’s landings and to help them on the push to Manila, when they spotted below the placid surface of an enemy sub, which the “Saints” promptly converted to a permanent under-water craft.

VC-27 continued operations against the Japs until the end of January, 1945, at which time the ship and her squadron headed back east to Ulithi for a well-deserved rest and for the essential RE’s—arming, fueling, and provisioning. Upon arrival in Ulithi, VC-27 was transferred aboard U.S.S. Barnes—destination stateside! The Barnes brought in Savo’s replacement squadron, VC-91, formerly in business aboard U.S.S. Kitkun Bay (CVE-71).

Savo and her new squadron next moved to Leyte Gulf to join the forces moving up for the Okinawa campaign. From Leyte to Okinawa, the 78 and VC-91 provided air cover for one of the largest convoys assembled in the Pacific. The ship remained in the Okinawa area until April 29, 1945, and on that happy day departed for home. Savo’s squadron participated in many direct support missions against the Japs on Okinawa and in one mission against the Jap stronghold on Saka Shima.
Back in June, 1945, for "Stateside" overhaul, this record-breaking escort carrier had concluded a ten-month foray from the Palaus to Okinawa, including three initial Philippine landings at Leyte, Mindoro and Luzon, and helping immeasurably to turn the tide in the famous Battle of Leyte Gulf.

Commissioned February 3, 1944, this "mighty midget" and her arm set a new high during the meteoric, grim, but colorful rise in front-line warfare. Among all of Uncle Sam's new armada of "baby flat-tops," she held all CVE records for the longest sustained operations; the greatest number of direct support roles; the greatest aerial damage to Japanese air, ground and sea forces. The combined ship and squadron scoresheet almost doubled preceding escort carrier records for certified kills —65 planes, a new heavy cruiser, a new destroyer and a submarine. Damage to Nipponese installations, fortifications, material, personnel, and supplies ran into millions of dollars. (Ship and squadron achieved, with ample surplus, their original motto: "The Japs will hate the 78!")

After two inaugural ferrying trips to the New Hebrides and the Solomons, the Savo Island's gallant combat history began early in September, 1944, with the occupation of the Palau Islands. This doughty, little escort carrier is typical of the CVE's which triumphed in crucial tests that resulted in converting their original assignment of ferrying planes into miniature bulwarks of direct assault coverage and preliminary encroachments into enemy territory.

The following photographs, none of which were staged in any way, were taken during the Easter Day opening of the assault on Okinawa. They typify a routine day of combat in escort carrier front-line battle fare—the war's most surprising jack-rabbit to come out of the Navy's hat.
No "painted ship upon a painted ocean," the only makeup acceptable to this queen of the CVE's are the touches of rouge on her battle-scarred bridge denoting Sons of Heaven who have been blasted into a descendancy.

Each "meatball" represents one Japanese aerial victim accredited to this ship and her air squadron. Appropriate silhouettes also were to be added later denoting major class surface units sunk. All flags and silhouettes represent only certified kills. No emblems are posted for damaged units, probabilities, or planes destroyed on the ground.

But don't let this "bridgework" fool you. If you think it's easy to sink your teeth into Jap meat, try the following diet for months on end. It takes a lot of cooks to keep the Nip military machine in a stew!

A CVE is a floating, self-sufficient, "wide-open" community of 1,000 population that never sleeps. Ship's crew carries on throughout the night in preparation for the pre-dawn flights by pilots and crewmen who "heave out and trice up" at seven bells (3:30 A.M.).

Surprisingly modern toilet facilities contribute to the speed of preparation and a gruelling day's grind, and remove much of the sting from civilian-fighters still unaccustomed to the unusual hours necessary to aerial combat operations.

Other departments are climaxing a long night's work maintaining every plane for peak performance every flight. Each plane has its own maintenance crew consisting of specialists for each structural component. Such unsung craftsmen have contributed beyond measure to American control of Japanese air. Maintenance is the Jap's greatest self-acknowledged weakness. It is one of the supreme strengths in American carrier warfare.

After a hasty but wholesome breakfast, pilots and crewmen gather in the Air Combat Intelligence Officer's compartment for final briefing. This information, vigilantly compiled throughout the night, contains last-minute strategic developments in both friendly and enemy deployments. Weather conditions of air and sea, also communication codes, are withheld until these final check-ups, which supplement lengthy nightly briefings in the ready room.
Deep in the bowels of the carrier engineers "wet nurse" the evaporators. Upon the extraction of salt from sea water and its filtration into an endless flow of soft, fresh water depends health and comfort of the crew and cooling units for the ships diversified engines.

Efficiency in such little-known, and even less-publicized, details spells the difference between defeat or victory.

Bombs and depth charges of varying sizes and types adapted to each plane's specific targets are readied on the hangar deck for rapid loading the moment the planes arrive on the flight deck.

Up from the cavernous garage-like hangar deck by elevator to the flight deck the mechanically-tested plane now is ready for "spotting," and arming, gassing, final check-ups on radio equipment and flight instruments.

Wings, folded for economical stowage below, are cranked into flight position and secured during the brief seconds the plane is rising on the elevator.

Planes are filled, hoisted and secured within seven minutes. The cool, impersonal, and extreme specialization of an escort carrier's maintenance crew lends a false impression of leisure and calm.
Final spotting is rushed to each plane's pre-designated space from which it can be serviced and rushed into action with minimum space and time.

The lethal "eggs" are loaded into the bombers—a bumper crop of leaden seeds sown in the fertile wings of the fighter planes. Strip-film cameras, synchronized with the machine guns, are developed in the carrier's photo lab to confirm pilot's reports and to study the enemy's evasive tactics. Unlike fresh water fishing, "the big ones" do not get away very often.

While planes ascend from the hangar deck to the flight deck on one elevator, their cargoes of destruction are hoisted on a second elevator. Fusing and priming already have been accomplished by specialized ordnance men during the night. Others will continue the supply of replacements throughout the day.

In only six months aerial rocket warfare matured from experimentation to the most efficient means of combating Japanese infantry defenses established in caves throughout the mountainous terrain common on all far western islands.

Final mechanical touch is the gassing. Extra mileage is accomplished by droppable auxiliary tanks attached beneath the wing. To minimize fire hazards aboard the "floating gas station," every plane is degassed at the conclusion of every day's operation. All these steps are accomplished in the short time pilots are dressing and eating.

Actually, every man from the unheralded grease monkey to the glamorized pilot justly feels that upon his shoulders rests an equal responsibility for the success of every sortie, every strike, every operation, every victory.
The flight deck crew, meanwhile, is standing by. Theirs will be the job of "spotting" as many readied planes as possible according to prearranged design into as little space as possible as rapidly as the planes arrive topside.

The strain of avoiding whirling propellers, choking exhausts, blinding slip streams and gas sprays places a premium on the ability to benefit from short snatches of relaxation. Conversations invariably are shop talk regarding the condition of accomplishments of their own carrier's planes. Concern about the enemy is rarely openly evidenced.

Simultaneously, the ship's First Lieutenant prepares for any exigency that may necessitate damage control or repair. Every piece of equipment aboard, even the weight distribution of personnel on station, is taken into consideration in the system of free-board weight and surface counter balance. His staccato adjustments will even compensate for the loss of the weight of the night's fuel consumption as he contributes the steadiest possible deck surface for precision launchings and landings.

Impervious to the hum of all this beehive of activity, members of the ship's gun crews and lookouts who stood midwatches (from midnight until 4 A.M.) catnap in special crew's shelters just off the topside catwalk until 5 A.M. general quarters.

Most inconsistent item of carrier life, in contrast with civilian routine, is the impersonal independence of various departmental personnel to the activities of other departments. Not only physically necessary, it is an unconscious approbation of mutual confidence. Each man does his job thoroughly and rests where and when he can in the calm assumption that his shipmates are doing their respective jobs with equal efficiency.

Eight decks below, throbbing boilers generate maximum heads of steam—horsepower sufficient to drive the 10,000-ton escort carrier into wind and wave. The slightest fatal faltering would spell disaster to the pilot's needle-sharp calculations of speed needed to clear the flight deck without dropping down into the path of the ship.
One-half hour has elapsed since the pilots “hit the deck.” Mechanical preliminaries are completed and the airmen have concluded their pre-flight briefing. The design in the colorful daily pattern begins to take form.

However, there are many minute but essential details yet to be crammed into a final three minutes in this perfected teamwork between ship and squadron as the bullhorn summons, “Pilots, man your planes!”

Meanwhile, ship’s officers and men quietly fit their respective duties into the flight’s jigsaw puzzle. Midway in the island super-structure, the Navigator double-checks the CVE’s exact position and figures to a nicety where the planes will be able to find their floating nest at any given hour.

Such items as drift tides, currents, time zones, possible and probable speeds, and last minute tactical orders from the flagship are ever-fluctuating variables with which he must reckon, in addition to the routine complications of navigating strange waters in changing seasons. His information comprises the final pertinent facts delivered to the pilots prior to flight.

Engines are turned to a roaring crescendo as the Flight Deck Officer takes over to supervise the final stages of launching. With automatized gestures, he controls each final detail, insists upon a healthy-sounding motor, exact positioning for the takeoff, and the critical coupling of bombers into the catapult groove.

Although bombers always are catapulted, fighters frequently are “shot off” during pre-dawn launchings in order to avoid accidents in the flame-specked darkness. Fighters also “ride the slingshot” in becalmed weather when combined ship’s speed and wind velocity are deemed insufficient for safe “lifts.”

Voltage is checked on the switchboom in the flat-top’s electrical power plant. U.S. warships now operate on both direct current and alternating current. Smooth communications despite enemy jamming, essential lighting, and unfailing operation of critical tools during the height of battle are directly dependent upon the lifeblood of “juice” generated in this smooth-humming heart of the ship. Men and machines are awaiting a “green light” from “Sparks,” the Electrician’s Mate.
Final sightings to correlate navigation charts with pilots' maps climax the contribution from the bridge, high up on the island's conning structure.

Reports from all these departments are checked through Air Plot (Flight Operations Office). In this nerve center the jigsaw puzzle of flight preparations is rapidly organized into a satisfactory composite representing the epitome of ship and squadron teamwork.

Three minutes have elapsed since the pilots were ordered to man their planes. All is ready. Nearly 1,000 men are straining brain and brawn, augmented by the world's best military training. The curtain is ready to rise. The word is passed directly through sound boxes to the Air Officer at "Fly Control" station on the bridge.

Aerologists busily chart trackless skies for treacherous whimsies of nature, and calculate to perfection the chances of men and machines against the elements.

Thirty feet above the flight deck the Air Officer almost simultaneously receives the flagship's order to launch planes and Air Pilot's "up-check" on the ship's readiness to comply.

The Air Officer breaks out the green flag, and over the "bull horn" his voice bites through the dampness of early dawn: "Launch Aircraft!"
Deep down in the engine room all throttles are manned for instantaneous control to render advantage from the ship’s heading as the pilots take off.

Foote of the CVE’s is their finger-tip maneuverability. This facilitates dodging torpedoes, keeping station in intricate formation sailing, and adhering strictly to zig-zag plans. Precision turns are instantly available to keep the bow pointed directly into the wind. This means a considerable margin of safety to the pilot against skidding as he takes off and lands upon his bobbing “postage stamp.”

Transmitters and receivers crackle with coded messages that fill the communications compartments with electrified tension. At the precise moment comes the terse fateful order from the flagship: “Execute to follow . . . Carriers, launch your strikes!” That message is the culmination of a steady flow of directives, strategic adjustments, and final decisions that have kept the endless communications watch in a quiet and orderly hustle throughout the night.

As the curtain rises, the deck is cleared of all except the catapult officer, as the bomb and rocket-armed “Avenger” is poised “in the groove.” A final split-second expert appraisal and the plane will be actually shot by compressed air out in front of the ship’s bow. Sufficient “lift” to remain airborne is attained by keeping the carrier headed directly into the wind, combining its velocity with the speed of the ship.
The curtain rises. The Launching Officer also has seen the Air Officer's green flag. His arms signal the fighter pilot in a dramatic gesture. The "Wildcat's" motor screams under full throttle as it thunders down the swaying 200-foot runway.

"... of mice and men" ... and the best of plans often go astray. Naval air photographers have discovered a new heavily camouflaged enemy airfield. They also flew over a Japanese carrier which had slipped to within striking distance during the night. "Photo Joe's" pictures will be rushed through his CVE's compact photo lab and within 20 minutes will have been evaluated by the Air Combat Intelligence Officer and adjustments made to meet the emergency by the ship's captain and plane squadron commander.

The show is on! The fighter leaps into the gray skies over the carpeted sullen expanses of the East China Sea. He will orbit at prearranged angles (altitude in thousands of feet) over his escort carrier while others in his division take off and join him in formation. Fighters fly in 4-plane divisions, subdivided into 2-plane sections comprised of a seasoned veteran as leader and his young wingman.

Gunnery control takes over. Before Photo Joe's prints are dry, crewmen are building a reserve of ammunition in the clipping rooms directly under the catwalks behind the gun sponsors.
In shelters just off the catwalks along the gallery deck and
directly beneath the flight deck “airdales” (plane handlers or
“jockies”) relax until time to prepare the next scheduled flight
—or emergency. The multi-colors worn by the “plane pushers”
and other flight deck personnel strikes the eye of the uninitiated
as a scene from Mardi Gras. The various groups, typified by
caps and dyed shirts in warm climates augmented by matching
sweaters in northern latitudes, decorate the deck. This touch of
carnival is not just a fad. The color schemes signify specialty.
Red for gasoline and fire-fighting crews; blue for the “plane
pushers”; brown for plane captains and mechanics; white for
radiomen and the engineering bosses; and yellow for those men
who direct the planes for respotting the deck.

Traditional Navy foresight pays off. Alert crews and readied
ammunition are ready, willing, and able to make the Jap “sur-
prise” a mutual affair.

Originally contemptuous of escort carriers’ comparatively
light armament, skilled gunnery has now driven Jap pilots to
such suicidal tactics as the over-publicized Kamikazi special
attack corps. Statistics already are proving the frustration and
futility of Japan’s desperately conceived program of suicide dive
pilots. It’s “suicide” all right, but in reverse—huri-kuri of the
Empire Air Force will be its ultimate attainment—and that’s
okay with American naval gunners.

The inconsistency and incongruity of war—even during the
height of carrier-based air support for a major invasion, those
off duty continue ship’s routine, which provides divine services
for all races and creeds.

In this chapel, well forward in the leeward passage and also
directly under the flight deck, shipmates relieve each other on
watch so that all who desire may attend one of the numerous
services—or hadn’t you realized that “L-Day” at Okinawa was
Easter Sunday, Asiatic time?

Successful in slipping through the aerial guard maintained
around every carrier formation, Jap bombers dive in and out of
the sun behind the carrier’s Combat Air Patrol which has been
vectored to intercept the main counter-attack. However, the
intricate coordination of all departments has clicked with smooth
precision and the boys find a hot reception which wipes out
their “surprise” attack.

Meanwhile, the CVE’s own planes continue scheduled strikes
and coverage for Army and Marine landing forces.
But it is not all one-way traffic. Combined Jap fighter opposition and ack-ack fire has riddled this TBM "Avenger" during a bombing run on cave-constructed fortifications defying the ground advance in mountainous terrain.

Normal landings aboard carriers require all the skills of the best pilots in the world.” However, this pilot, his top turret gunner, and his tail radioman-gunner turn back to their CVE with slightly better than an even chance for survival. His distress signals trigger another chain of well prepared emergency operations back aboard ship.

Meanwhile damage control, medical aid, and fire-fighting parties stand-by for action. Every man aboard ship is riding in the cockpit of the crippled bomber, and nearly 1,000 heads and hearts are working with the finest of modern equipment to insure a successful landing.

By the time the crippled plane is within sight of its carrier, every contingency for an emergency landing has been anticipated. The signalmen flash to the pilot that all is ready to attempt the landing.

The plane jetisons its bombs and the Aldis lamp blinks its welcome message to come in—“Prep Charlie!”

During the approach, the plane’s wheels have been downed and the tail hook extended to catch any one of the seven arresting cables that stretch four inches above and across the deck. Remember that, while planes launch into the wind, they land “against” the wind. The carrier heads into the wind for both launchings and landings.

Up right wing, then steady. If the pilot hasn’t achieved maximum favorable position for landing during the final stages of the approach he will receive a “wave off” and re-circle his carrier until he gets “a cut” to land. “Mother is happy” and the pilot is guided into a satisfactory landing approved.
“Mother” (pilots’ nickname for the Landing Signal Officer) spreads “her” arms in welcome. From his precarious perch on the after-starboard corner of the flight deck, the precise coordination with standardized signals between the LSO and the pilot will guide the plane into “the groove” for a clean landing “cut.”

Assuming ship’s speed, direction, and deck conditions are already adjusted, allowances still must be reckoned for such variables as visibility.

At night, the LSO (always himself a highly specialized pilot) wears a phosphorescent “zoot suit” and signals with lighted wands instead of colored paddles, and the deck is outlined with glow lights countersunk along the sides of the flight deck.

Note the safety net, “just in case.”

Months of “bounce drills” (practice landings) during storms and at night on land, mockups and at sea while approaching target areas now pay off.

The plane crashes two barriers but suffered no personnel injuries and comparatively little material damage. Appraisal of the land, despite more serious damage from enemy fire than was estimated, draws low whistles of approbation from crewmen who realize the hazards that have just been overcome with deceptive ease.

The flight deck officer rushes the respotting of reserve planes that were being held in emergency launching position. They will be wheeled behind the high, cabled “barriers” which will serve as a fence between the landing plane and any possible overshoot that would crash it into the other planes on deck.

Dusk finds the escort carrier’s eagles back in their nest. Each pilot reports his day’s achievements while strip-film cameras verify his “kills.” After a brief “unwinding” period of relaxation in the ready room, he will plan tomorrow’s activities during a thorough briefing resulting from facts correlated by the Air Combat Intelligence Officer.

He may shoot a game or two of Acy Ducey, but it’s two to one that he’ll “hit the sack” early in preparation for tomorrow’s flights and fights. He will sleep well—eased by that warm feeling of having been able to make a v.0 report—“mission accomplished!”
Virile Veteran...
May 23, 1945, the Savo returned to San Diego for her first overhaul. The 15 months intervening since her commissioning had matured her from romanticized "Baby Flat-top" to war-wise, grim-visaged veteran with a swashbuckling roll in her salty stride.

From her scarred decks, men had seen many things: fanfare, pomp and ceremony, comedy, tragedy, beauty and ugliness. They had learned many things, including how complicated a man's emotions became during the nightmare of war.

IN THE MOODY EAST CHINA SEA, TO ULITHI ATOLL, CAROLINES, AFTER THE FIREWORKS IN LINGAYEN GULF DURING THE INVASION OF LUZON, THE SAVO SQUARES AWAY FOR A DOUBLE CEREMONY

But first, the traditional inspection—as certain as time and tides.

Strained faces but robust bodies—the paradox of naval warfare.
One reason: Battle Baby "Savo Sue's" first birthday—and just look! those cakes!

Plenty of cake—but the Savo is plenty of ship.

The other reason: VC-27's 3,000th landing—Lt. (jg) J. J. Miller, the pilot who made it, gets a full denture from Captain Anderson.

Eat, drink, and they'd make Mary—if she were there.
November 8, 1944, at Manus, Admiralty Islands—
catastrophe strikes the am­
munition ship, "Mount Hood."

September 22, 1944—A quiet Sunday afternoon re­
arming at Kerama Retto, Okinawa, Nansel Shoto—
only seven air raids, but missed the later heavier
raids by ten minutes.

HEAD-ON

Sinkers, skimmers, twisters, tail splits—you name 'em—fickle ole "Savo Sue" had seen 'em all.

Some were fun, some were surprises. Others brought frozen fear in their inevitable destruction.

Look over a few and remember when—
RENDZVOUS

Out of the murky dawn of August 14th, the first carrier to stage for North Pacific operations at bleak, treeless Adak glided silently, shrouded in secrecy and Aleutian fog, into the sullen depth of Kuluk Bay.

Bristling with special supplies, secretly selected personnel, and sealed orders, the doughty escort carrier veteran (U.S.S. Savo Island—CVE-78) of nearly every major assault operation from the Palaus to Okinawa had a rendezvous to keep with history.

Bronzed and hardened by nearly two years Southwest Pacific warfare, the Savo's crew musters in the chill Arctic air as invisible fingers whisk vaporous curtains to reveal the silent dignity of the volcano-tipped islands that would mark, perhaps, the final milestone in their path to victory.

An electric tenseness seeths silently down the blue-jacketed line of parka-clad men-o'-war. Wearied, yet determined "to see it through," they are aware that sometime, somewhere, a possible armistice could give them a last-minute reprieve from another blistering landing operation—this time destined for the very heart of the Japanese home islands.

They also are equally alerted to the follies of wishful thinking. News of the Indianapolis tragedy, just received, has rasped on raw nerves the necessity for vigilant, watchful waiting. Throughout the night and early dawn, their ears had been keyed to the radios, but every hand had been at his battle station.

By mid-morning the harbor pilot is taken aboard, and the first carrier ever to stand in at Adak swings into a majestic inaugural approach to the inner waters of Sweepers Cove. The pilot brings, with his navigational skill, also torturing, restless rumors.

"On the beach they're betting..."

Snow-clad mountains vie with their emerald-green petticoats in silent, conflicting impressions of sparkling beauty and sullen treachery. Each veteran, playing poker with his hopes and fears, inhales this conflict in Nature and recognizes it as a reflection of the same secret he has been trying to keep hidden from shipmates who understand only too well.

Such is the unspoken language and mutual understanding of service men in those timeless hours and days and weeks in which the renaissance of sanity hovers in the balance.
WITH HISTORY

Somehow, in some way, “the word” flashes from man to man, compartment to compartment, by such eloquence as lifted eyebrows, shrugged shoulders, winks, grins, growls and curses. “Beach radios are on alert. Could be anything. Probably another rejection or just another stall.”

Yet . . . Maybe . . .

The Savo ties in at Sweepers Cove. It is 1300 Navy time—1 P.M. civilian time in the Aleutians—and 7 P.M. “back home” in Washington. Final conning is completed by skipper Captain William D. Anderson, U.S.N., and by Executive Officer, Commander Ralph R. Humes, U.S.N., (left to right in leather coats).

A communicator with tight lips and flushed face relays to the quartermaster a message for the Captain. It came with numbing swiftness and deceptive brevity. The metallic click on soundboxes and the colored lights on all communication lines answer to the immediate touch of Captain Anderson’s deliberate, darting fingers. His voice is calm yet imbued with a contagious buoyancy.

The first arrival of a carrier in the Aleutians had kept its final rendezvous. Destiny had replaced that rendezvous with history instead of war. With one simple sentence a thousand lives, in one escort carrier, were reborn: “Attention, all hands. The war is over!”

The reaction was as rapid as it was unexpected. The ship echoed to one long, tremendous shout—then utter silence. An identical reaction was heard and noticed at every quonset hut, storage building, and neighboring vessel that lined the waterfront. From every shipboard port, hatch, lightlock and compartment men swarmed to breathe the exhilarating air of a new, but surprisingly quiet and self-contained exuberance.

Men from ashore streamed from every building and rapidly gathered in quiet little groups on the dock. Men in the ships silently clustered in knots along the sponsons, gunmounts, and flight deck. They stood there, almost reverently still, for fifteen minutes and just stared at each other. Perhaps it was the shock, or perhaps relief—call it the “unwinding” after years of constant nervous tightening.

Like men awakening from a nightmare, they finally broke up and filtered toward little, puttering jobs—anything to keep hands busy, lest they be caught trembling. Now an occasional remark could be heard. “Boy, am I gonna get stinkin’ drunk tonight!” . . . So what do we do now! . . . Think we’ll be kept in icing? . . . What about a new point system for discharge? . . .

All those remarks were just a bit too lightly uttered, just a bit too careless in tone, just a pitch too high. Nobody intended them to be taken seriously, and no one did.

Then, one by one, the men slipped into those countless little “sacking-out” and “corking-off” hideaways that only shipboard sailors can discover and keep hidden. Some stole surreptitious reviews of snapshots, photographs of sweethearts, wives, children. Others stole into corners and started laboriously composing the letter home. There were many who disappeared into solitary sheltered nooks where a guy could hold a sort of silent communion with those he loves back home, or with God, or with former shipmates who will never return home—and where some lug wouldn’t be able to misinterpret that damned Aleutian mist that gets in a fellow’s eyes at a time like that.
Reports assume a more official tone.

Watchful waiting tracks "scuttlebutt" along the air waves.

Sporadic outburst of sheer, physical jubilation; then a return to that peculiar soul-satisfying silence.

REACTION

Although hopefully expected, the order to cease fire came with brief, stunning suddenness at 1300 (Navy time) at Adak, Alaska, August 14, 1945. After the initial jubilant shouts, reactions were the antithesis of civilian orgies. The men became pensive, rather serious, and remained unusually quiet. That the long, hard, and bloody road to victory had finally come to an end just seemed too good to be true.
'We've Won!'”

Captain Anderson proclaims the Savo Island’s own special V-J Day celebration while anchored in Kuluk Bay, the evening of August 15, 1945.

The Skipper throws the steel at a softer target as Chaplain James J. Cullinan and Baker 3/c Meisenburg stand-by to pass the pastry instead of ammunition.

Commander Humes continues the attack.

CELEBRATION

Sweet are the fruits of victory, especially to the crew of the Savo Island, that climax one of the best escort-carrier combat records with this V-J Day party. Preparing to pass the pastry instead of ammunition, for the first time since her commissioning, the Savo Island had prowled in quest of the enemy in every operational zone from the New Hebrides, "way down under" the equator, north to the Aleutians. Her bridge wears 65 "meat balls" for aerial victims and three silhouettes for Japanese surface warcraft sunk during nearly every major assault operation from the Palaus to Okinawa, including three initial landings in the Philippines and the famous Battle for Leyte Gulf.

Standby to eat your cake and have it too!

Savo Syncopators "pull all stops" on the Victory March.
LT. COMMANDER M. D. COOPER, JR.
U.S.N.R., Navigator

CPT. WILLIAM D. ANDERSON, U.S.N.
COMMANDER LOWELL S. PRICE, U.S.N.

COMDR. LOWELL S. PRICE
U.S.N., Air Officer, Jan. 19, 1944; Ex. Off., Nov. 24, 1944-July 1, 1945

COMDR. JOHN R. DALE, U.S.N.
Air Officer, Nov. 24, 1944-Oct. 2, 1945

COMDR. THOMAS E.
GILLESPIE, U.S.N.
Ex. Off., Dec., 1943-Nov. 24, 1944

COMDR. RALPH R. HUMES
U.S.N., Ex. Off., July 1, 1945
Some Become Heroes.

Line up, boys, and take your punishment. R-L: Comdr. Lowell S. Price; Lt. Alexander W. Parker; Lt. Kenneth R. Carey; Lt. (jg) Garth D. Miller; Lt. (jg) James P. White, Jr.; Lt. (jg) Forrest F. Glasgow; John H. Huff, ACM; Owen N. Coffee, ACM; O. H. Pearce, ACM; D. Brown, TM; Charles D. Medley, then AMM1c; T. J. Cymmer, ART1c; George E. DeNoma, then AOM2c; Daniel W. Rado, AMM3c; David N. McCallum, then AMM1c; Howard F. Reser, then PhoM1c.

Comdr. Lowell S. Price received the Bronze Star Medal for meritorious achievement during operations against the enemy. Later to become our Executive Officer, he was at that time serving as Air Officer of the Savo Island.

The Letter of Commendation, with privilege to wear the special Navy Commendation Ribbon, is awarded to those who have distinguished themselves by acts or outstanding services performed. Here Lt. (jg) Garth D. Miller, Catapult Officer, is congratulated on receipt of his citation.

PHOTOGRAPHS ARE NOT AVAILABLE FOR

Lt. Alexander W. Parker, Air Combat Intelligence Officer—Commendation Ribbon.


Lt. (jg) William L. Diffee, Jr., Landing Signal Officer—Commendation Ribbon.

Lt. (jg) Forrest F. Glasgow, Aviation Ordnance Officer—Commendation Ribbon.

Medley, Charles D., then AMM1c, Aviation Engineering Crew—Commendation Ribbon.
Lt. (jg) James P. White, Jr., Officer-in-Charge of Arresting Gear, receives a Commendation Ribbon

Cymmer, T. J., ART1c, Aviation Radio Crew — Commendation Ribbon

Huff, John H., ACM1c, Arresting Gear Chief — Commendation Ribbon

McCallum, David N., then AMM1c, Plane Director — Commendation Ribbon

Coffee, Owen N., ACM1c, Hangar Deck Chief — Commendation Ribbon

Reser, Howard F., then Phm1c, Aircraft Photographer — Commendation Ribbon

Pearce, O. H., ACM1c, Flight Deck Chief — Commendation Ribbon

DeNoma, George E., then AOM1c, Aviation Ordnance Chief — Commendation Ribbon

Brown, D., TM1c, Aviation Ordnance Crew — Commendation Ribbon

Rado, Daniel W., then AMM3c, Plane Director — Commendation Ribbon
Very blue, but not downhearted! The usual full-dress inspection en route Stateside.

September Morn—and every other damned morning, too—at 0500!

Jealousy at first sight!

Basin Street, Beal Street, Harlem—Savo had 'em.

'Twas plain hell, men—always the rumble of heavy guns.
LIVED . . . .

Inspired literature.

He's taking quite a shine to it.

Junior Officers—aren't they the dirty ole cut ups!

I'd rather have a paper Dollie—who said that?

Clean of mind and body—don't slip on the soft soap.

Luxurious, spacious quarters—if you don't mind small change.
Movies coming aboard.

Chiefs: (Front Row) Dion, CEM; Freye, CRT; Dionisopoulos, CQM; Hubert, CBM; Hull, CDF; Ostrander, CEM; Henderson, CRM; (Second Row) Reser, CPhM; Hawk, ACM; Bennett, CT; Delaporte, ACOM; Morgan, CBM; Therrien, CB; Clabaugh, CWT; Neville, CBM; Bougher, CPhM; (Third Row) Back, CBM; McDowell, CBM; Moly, CPhM; Addy, ACOM; Cole, ACOM; Pelvit, CWT; Robinson, CCS.

Men at work on the fantail.

L-R: Lt. Comdr. Cooper; Lt. (jg) Willits; CQM Dionisopoulos, reading the sun to obtain ship's position.

Ship's Library—L-R: Cross, Y3c; Chevalier.

Y3c, Librarian's Assistant, and Frazier, STM1c. Flight deck crew spotting a TBM (torpedo bomber) aft.

Loading ammunition at Kerama Retto, Nansei Shoto.
HOW THEY PLAYED

Flight Deck Field Meet and Happy Hour at Manus, Admiralty Islands

OCTOBER 10, 1944

The medicine ball relay race.

Captain presenting athletic awards won during Happy Hour.

The Sack Race Winner, Ray, Stc, V-1 Div.

Pie Eating Contest.

The 100-Yard Dash.

Get ready, set go!

Tug-O-War — Airdales vs. Deck Hands. Airdales—winner!

The winners! DeGino, Cox, 2nd Div.

Chaplain Dolan presenting prizes to winners.
Cum out cloutin'.

Swing-time Slugfest.

WATCH 'EM SOCK 'EM

Navy tactics—Cross the "T" and dot the eye.

Rock-a-bye Babyl.
Hangar Deck Hoop Harangue.

Signalman—Ship’s volleyball champs—1944: Lt. Giles, coach. L-R: (Front Row) Broeckelmann; (Second Row) Mahlmester, Donnenworth, Olson, Eiler; (Third Row) McDonald, Huet, Bailey, Hull, Hurbut.

Victory is the summation of net results.

Carrier Court Conflict.


A velly valuable vitaminized volley.
THE
SAVO ISLAND
SYNCOPATORS

ORGANIZED BY
CHAPLAIN
LIEUTENANT JAMES J. CULLINAN
USNR-Ch.C.

B. G. Earlywine, Stc, USNR

J. O. Perdue, Stl, USNR

R. S. Hurlbert, ARM3c, USNR

D. L. Smith, RM3c, USNR

L. B. Lamolinara, AMM3c, USNR

Ens. W. S. D'Pagnier, USNR

C. P. Jones, EM2c, USNR

Lt. (jg) J. I. Murphy, USNR

E. A. Winiarski, F1c, USNR

J. R. Lolley, AMM2c, USNR

Ens. D. A. Richter, USNR
HOW THEY RELAXED . . . .

South Sea Socialite.

"Dear Mom . . ."

"Fishermen, but not liars."

"Saint"ly Sinners.

Inseparable, indivisible, insufferable (Who sed dat?)

Your brass is out.

"Pop" Jared's Jewelry Emporium.

The relentless quest — for "Forever Amber."

Fanteil Follies.

Home was never like this!

War is Hell!

It's contagious.

Christmas, 1944, at Manus.

S. O. . . . .
F. O. . . . .
Oh! Oh!

Ain't athletics grand!

Heigh ho, Hendrickson!

Good work — if you can get it.

Games are where you play them — at Tulagi.

At Guadalcanal.

No white ties, but plenty of tails.

Under Ulithi skies.

Poker-Packin' Poppa.
"From the Mountains -
To the Ocean
Ship

D. R. Jacobs, West Haven, Connecticut
R. E. Larmer, Stratford, Connecticut
G. Molina, Socorro, New Mexico
C. A. Quintana, Cuervo, New Mexico
B. R. Garcia, Albuquerque, New Mexico

L. J. Nolan, W. F. Cahill, and L. B. Bladen,
Washington, D. C.
R. S. McDuffie, Selma, North Carolina
H. Outlaw, Goldsboro, North Carolina
G. L. Wilson, Grand Forks, North Dakota
W. C. Kippley, Beach, North Dakota

R. E. Hart, Casper, Wyoming
P. Zowada, Acme, Wyoming
D. B. Ward, Haleyville, Alabama
J. W. Wilson, Kennedy, Alabama
F. H. McGraw, and R. E. Tate,
Birmingham, Alabama
TO THE PRAIRIE - WHITE WITH FOAM'

Mates

G. E. Hayes, Readville, Massachusetts
G. R. Sullivan, New Bedford, Massachusetts
H. J. Ford, Fall River, Massachusetts

V. J. Miller, Las Vegas, Nevada
B. F. Wins, Reno, Nevada

A. R. Schilling, Plainfield, New Jersey
W. A. Lucas, Pennsville, New Jersey
B. B. Benton, Bernardsville, New Jersey
S. Semel, Paterson, New Jersey

J. C. Jefferson, Belton, South Carolina
E. Jeter, Union, South Carolina

H. L. Mayle, Thornton, West Virginia
C. P. Lord, Martinsburg, West Virginia
J. H. Berry, Huntington, West Virginia


R. A. Thursby, Bisbee, Arizona

J. J. Larr, and E. B. Benner, Tucson, Arizona

J. D. and C. W. Sherwood, Phoenix, Arizona
T. C. Segovia, Douglas, Arizona
R. A. Sedberry, Phoenix, Arizona
G. L. Rubio, Mesa, Arizona

J. L. Earney, D. A. Reed, and J. M. Victory, Little Rock, Arkansas


J. A. Laftwich and L. E. Williams, Eudora, Arkansas


K. C. Trimble and E. L. Woods, Pomona, California

P. Marler, O. Simpson, and F. L. Minyard, Russellville, Arkansas

H. F. Baker, Martinez, Calif.; C. H. Ingram, Oakland, Calif.; W. G. Boyce, Alameda, Calif.; L. C. Dunning, Hayward, California

A. H. Rosenberger and J. V. Williams, Fresno, California

R. H. Becerra and J. F. Tone, Santa Barbara, California

M. C. Yocum and A. P. Manhart, Pasadena, California

J. E. Farnes, Swan Valley, Idaho; C. K. Burke, Gracow, Idaho; E. Walker, St. Anthony, Idaho

L. W. Davis, Quincy, Ill.; J. H. Tice, Cowling, Ill.

G. F. Kahle, Rock Island, Ill.; G. W. Reid, Moline, Ill.; D. L. Smith, Polo, Ill.

R. G. Larsen, Maple Park, Ill.; W. I. Burtis, Hoosden, Ill.

P. A. DeVoss, Knoxville, Iowa; G. E. Titter, Marion, Iowa

T. V. Wendling and J. C. Marlin, Keokuk, Iowa

J. M. Morris, New Castle, Ind.; B. D. Cordray, Edinburg, Ind.; G. W. Kirby, Marion, Ind.

R. E. Benson, Frankfort, Kan.; N. A. Benson, Topeka, Kan.; M. M. McDonald, Junction City, Kan.; V. L. Maddy, Kansas City, Kan.

A. G. Carper, Spencer, Iowa; B. Blumenthal, Graettinger, Iowa; I. Brown, Spirit Lake, Iowa


Joseph Kargaciu, Frank B. Brown, Gerald G. Meredith, Woodrow Wilson, Eugene A. Hauenstein, Robert R. Hermann, St. Louis, Mo.

Emory E. Emerson, Wolf Point, Mont.; William E. Westrup, Comertown, Mont.

Richard H. Cameron, Camas, Mont.; Dick Shurtliff, Lime, Mont.

Everett A. Bennett, San Diego, Calif.

Stanley L. Toner, Vincent J. Clayton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bernard J. Kijewski, James J. Barry, Bronx, N. Y.; Salvator Modica, New York City

Francis X. O’Brien, Queens, N. Y.; William Kornhauser, Jamaica, N. Y.

Raymond Lawson, Middletown, Ohio; Eugene Lacey, Norwood, Ohio

John E. Kilbane, Fred J. Mells, Joseph Kalina, Cleveland, Ohio

Carl E. Smith, Dixon, Mont.; George A. Unlesen, Phillipsburg, Mont.; Ralph B. Rose, Charlo, Mont.

James T. Singleton, Sikeston, Mo.; LeRoy C. Deza, St. Mary's, Mo.; Ralph B. Patton, Richwood, Mo.


Donald F. Murray, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Jules A. Wicksman, Laurelton, N. Y.; Victor Prusky, Hudson, N. Y.

Reinhart J. Schuler, Queens, Long Island, N. Y.; Robert A. Roessle, Richmond Hill, Long Island, N. Y.

Warren Weininger, Tiffin, Ohio; Robert E. Woodall, Troy, Ohio; Clair W. Welling, La Rue, Ohio; Homer W. Clabaugh, Galion, Ohio; Cecil E. Barton, Tiffin, Ohio.

Richard C. Rosenberg, Lorain, Ohio; Leonard J. Goler, Cleveland, Ohio; W. Warren Weininger, Tiffin, Ohio.

Braxton B. Crabtree, Robert L. Wright, Sapulpa, Okla.

Kenneth R. Keaton, Muskogee, Okla.; Thomas H. Thompson, Tahlequah, Okla.

Arthur E. Stull, Bartlesville, Okla.; Marion F. Jackson, Dewey, Okla.
Thomas F. Ritchie, Freedom, Okla.; Vernon L. Peterson, Gage, Okla.; Calvin E. Smith, Hardesty, Okla.

Britt Jones, Jr., Shawnee, Okla.; William R. White, Cleveland, Okla.

Harvey E. Reed, Keystone, Okla.; William E. King, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Eugene H. Ross, Micanopy, Okla.


Royce D. Wilson, Erie, Pa.

Ferninard C. Engesser, St. Helens, Ore.; Joseph H. Lottier, Hood River, Ore.

Denver R. Parks, Chester, S. D.; Robert H. Kornemann, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Raymond Sorensen, William B. Dupree, Rapid City, S. D.


Rupert L. Roberts, John L. Hemby, Bonham, Tex.

And Now Good-bye...
They Got the Point(s) . . . .

Perhaps the most intimate of unwritten and unspoken languages is that common understanding, born in those fitful, frenzied episodes in which the warp and weal of warfare measures time.

Instead of words, it's a brief, firm handshake; a slap on the shoulder; a quiet nod; a silent glance.

In such actions are evidenced the sincerity of purpose, the appreciation of skill, the loss of friendships still-born.

This is the code of the men who man battle-baptized aircraft carriers and their alter-egos — the men who fly.

In such language, with such words, by such actions, the men of the *Savo Island* toss off their toast to those who remain aboard, and to those who have returned home or transferred to new billets. There is strength, solidity, and sincerity in its homely simplicity.

"So long, fellows. It was swell to have known you. Bon voyage, smooth sailing, and happy landings — next and always."

Homeward bound!

Walker, ARM2c, USNR
August 30, 1945

Lt. (jg) S. B. Francovich, USNR
August 31, 1945

Lt. (jg) P. Goodman, USNR
August 31, 1945

P. A. Dionisopoulos, CQM, USNR
October 2, 1945

P. E. Bougher, CMoMM, USNR
August 30, 1945

C. W. Henderson, Jr., USN
October 2, 1945
The Last Look

First Occupation of Ominato Naval Base, Honshu, Japan

11 September, 1945

Old Glory in Japanese home waters.

Eagle wings over Ominato.

So this is Honshu? Huh!

The End of the Road!

And across Tsugaru Strait is Hokkaido.

Pardon our pointing (so sorry).

Lest there be any doubt.
THE LAST INSPECTION . . .

ONE DAY OUT FROM PEARL HARBOR, THE FINALE OF SAVO
SPIT 'N SHINE DAYS PASSES INTO THE LAND OF LIMBO FOR MANY A HOME-COMING TAXPAYER!
THE LAST WORD...

From
CAPTAIN WILLIAM D. ANDERSON, U.S.N.
Commanding

A ship reflects the characteristics of its crew. As such, the record of the Savo Island mirrors a "well done" tradition that evolves an ever increasing heritage to each succeeding member of Ship's Company. . . . This heritage could have been neither bribed nor bought, wheedled not won. It was earned as only a ship of the line, and the men who man her, can earn its proud position in the panorama of its country's history. . . . In such united endeavor, the self is sublimated to the ship which in turn becomes the vox texed personification of the men, their cause, their efforts, their achievements. In this respect, the Savo Island's brilliant record bespeaks that of her men. . . . I am proud to have commanded such a ship and to have been one of you who made her. To each of you, a personal "Well Done," and "Best of Luck."

From
COMMANDER RALPH R. HUMES, U.S.N.
Executive Officer

You have served in war and, as a U. S. Naval Reservist, yours is the privilege and duty to continue to serve in peace: not only at sea, but also at home. . . . Your knowledge has increased and your outlook has broadened. You have met people from every state in the union and foreign countries, and made friends with many of them. They have taught you more geography than books ever could. You have learned their viewpoints on religion, school, labor, politics, and numerous other topics. . . . You learned first hand that the South Sea Islands aren't inhabited by beautiful girls and that Alaska isn't solid snow and ice. You know that other lands aren't what your geography teacher unknowingly misrepresented them to be. You now have a knowledge of things outside your home town. The longer you were away the less provincial and biased you became. . . . Most important of all, you saw nothing better anywhere than you have at home. Keep it that way.
SHIP'S COMPANY
as of
RETURN TO PEARL HARBOR

From Occupation of Ominato, North Honshu
Monday, September 24, 1945

Capt. William D. ANDERSON
Comdr. Ralph R. HUMES
Comdr. John R. DALE
Lt. Comdr. Maurice D. COOPER, JR.
Lt. Comdr. Charles G. CRENshaw
Lt. Comdr. William M. DAVIDSON
Lt. Comdr. Edward W. LANE, JR.
Lt. Brantford B. BENTON
Lt. Edward S. BOZE
Lt. Kenneth R. CAREY
Lt. Kenneth R. CASEY
Lt. Vincent J. CLAYTON
Lt. James J. CULLINAN
Lt. Edward FLORES
Lt. Lawrence E. GILES
Lt. Allen H. GIPSON
Lt. Leonard J. GOLER
Lt. Robert W. HANES
Lt. Frank S. HARRYMAN
Lt. Wayland A. LUCAS
Lt. Quincy B. NICHOLS
Lt. Addison C. PFAUTZ
Lt. Robert F. SNIPES
Lt. Edward J. TERRAAR
Lt. John C. TULK
Lt. (jg) Kenneth O. BATES
Lt. (jg) William G. BENNETT
Lt. (jg) William F. CAHILL
Lt. (jg) Graham FINLEY
Lt. (jg) Roopert J. FISHER
Lt. (jg) Forrest F. GLASGOW
Lt. (jg) Donald L. HENSLEY
Lt. (jg) Robert R. HERMANN
Lt. (jg) Elwyn L. KYFFIN
Lt. (jg) Albert R. LEA
Lt. (jg) Emmert E. LUDEMAN
Lt. (jg) Marvin E. NELson
Lt. (jg) Paul C. PARKER
Lt. (jg) Paul PETERS
Lt. (jg) Don A. REED
Lt. (jg) Fred G. SCHROEDER
Lt. (jg) Robert L. STARLING
Lt. (jg) Sheldon WAXENBERG
Lt. (jg) Harold O. WILLITS
Ens. Bruce BOLTON
Ens. Malcolm J. BRUNET
Ens. James C. DALTON
Ens. Lawrence A. DIRNBERGER
Ens. Robert E. DUFFY
Ens. Harlen FEREDAY
Ens. Hugh T. FORSHA
Ens. Emil A. FRENIERE
Ens. Harold D. HARDIN
Ens. Willard L. HOLLOWAY
Ens. Robert C. ROSENBERG
Ens. Paul W. SETTERHOLM
Ens. Cecil R. SHADER
Ens. Welsch W. WEININGER, JR.
Ch. Gun. Paul W. BRADEN
Mach. Harry E. FERGUSON
Bos'n Raymond R. JORDAN
Ch. Rad. E1. Walter H. MARTIN
Ch. Pay Clk. John F. MATTHEWS
Sh. Clk. John H. WELCH
Ch. Phar. Charles E. WENLOCK
Carp. Dan D. MOTTINGER
Elect. Ralls H. SHAw
Mach. Burton R. TABBERT
BROWN, Elvin Eugene. F2c. SV6
BROWN, Frank Bernard. RM3c(T). V6
BROWN, Ira (n). SF2c(T). SV6
BROYLES, William Clayton. AM1c(T). V6
BRUMBAUGH, Darrell Lee. RdM3c(T). SV6
BRUNSON, Leland Nolan. S2c. SV6
BRYANT, Robert Lee. S2c(T). SV6
BURENHED, Lawrence (n). Cox(T). SV6
BUKE, Charles Kay. S2c(RdM). V6
BURTS, William Irvin. RdM2c(T). SV6
BUTLER, Elmer Calvin. Jr. S2c. V6
CALLAHAN, Glenn "D. S2cSV6
CALLAHAN, John Louis. F2c. USN-I
CAMDEN, Robert Francis. AOM2c(T). SV6
CAMERON, Richard Haynes. S2c SV6
CAMPBELL, Royce No. RdM2c(T). V6
CAMPBELL, Willie Robert. S2c. SV6
CAMPION, Terrence John. S2c(AOM). V6
CARLISLE, James Vernon. F2c. SV6
CARLISLE, Willis Clifford. F2c. SV6
CARLSEN, Peter Ray. S2c. SV6
CARLYLE, Donal Earl. P2c(T). SV6
CARMICHAEL, Walter Lee. SSM(T). SV6
CARPENTER, Louis Lavern. RM2c(T). SV6
CARR, George Henry. S2c(GM). SV6
CARR, Glen Dale. C2c. SV6
CARR, Richmond John. S2c. SV6
CARTER, Lanier Ray. Cox(T). SV6
CARY, Salar Harwood. EM3c(T). SV6
CASSEY, Joseph Lincoln. Jr. S2c(AOM). V6
CASTLEBERRY, Leland William. S2c. SV6
CHAMBERS, Glen Elia. F2c. SV6
CHERE, John Elberge. Jr. F2c. USN-I
CHERRY, Cleo Sweetman. S2c(AOM). V6
CHEVALIER, James Robert. S2c. SV6
CHILDRESS, Thomas Willard. SKV3c(T). SV6
CHILSOUM, William Albert. C2c. USN
CHIOATE, William Hayden. S2c. SV6
CHRISTIAN, Dale Roland. S2c. SV6
CLAUBAUGH, Helen Wesley. CWT(T). USN
CLANCY, Richard Martin. RM2c(T). USN
CLAY, Leland Charles. ARM(A12c)T. SV6
CLAYBROCK, James Edward. F2c. SV6
COGIN, Billy Jake. AOM2c(T). V6
COWHA, Melvin Jesse. SM2c(T). V6
CULLY, Gaye Pais. S2c. SV6
COQUITT, George Grady. S2c. SV6
COMBS, Earnest (n). S2c. SV6
COMSTOCK, Ray Allen. MM4c(T). V6
COOK, Elmer Robert. F2c. SV6
COOK, Marvin Vernel. S2c. SV6
COOPER, George Washington. Jr. S2c(SM)
COOPER, Glyn (n). S2c. SV6
CORNELL, James Russell. MM2c(T). V6
CORDER, James Audubon. AOM3c(T). SV6
CORDAY, Bice Dale. AM3c(T). SV6
COWLEY, Charles Martin. RM3c(T). SV6
COPPER, Avery George. WT3c(T). SV6
COSSAIRT, Raymond Leroy. S2c. V6
COWLE, Joseph Greenleaf. QM3c(T). SV6
COX, Leon Harold. PER1c. SV6
CRABTREE, Braxton Balantine. SF3c(T). SV6
CREEK, Elmer Leroy. S2c. V6
CROFTWELL, Hansel Hasard. S2c. SV6
CROUSE, Davis Woodrow. CM2c(T). USN
CROW, Robert Brandon. S2c. USN
CROWNER, Leslie William. S2c. USN-I
CRUMP, Frederick Kenneth. F2c. V6
DALTON, James Dewhurst. PhM2c(T). SV6
DASHIELL, Robert James. S2c. V6
DAVID, Ludovice Anthony. F2c. V6
DAVIDSON, Richard Louis. MM3c(T). V6
DAVIS, Floyd Raymond. Bk3c(T). SV6
DAVIS, Gerald Sidney. Y3c(T). SV6
DAVIS, Harold David. S2c. V6
DAVIS, Leo Woodward. CM3c(T). USN
DAVIS, R. "T." S3c(T). SV6
DAVIS, Russell Lawrence. F2c. V6
DEATON, James Carroll. EM3c(T). SV6
DELAO, Joseph Gerard. F2c. V6
DE MARTINO, Anthony Tony. BM2c(T). USN
DENEALI, Harold Leo. ARM2c. USN
DENNE, George Earl. ACOMAA(T). V6
DENTON, John Wilbur. Jr. S2c(AOM). SV6
DRESDELL, John Oliver. S2c. V6
DREZAR, Robert Roscoe. MM3c(T). SV6
DE Voss, Paul Anos. S2c. V6
DIEHER, Harry (n). S2c. V6
DI FATA, Joseph Joseph. S2c. USN-I
DINNENCENZO, Louis Joseph, Jr.. AOM2c(T). USN
DION, Louis Francis. CEMAA(T)11C. V6
DONISIPOULOS, Panagiotis Anal. COMAA(T). V6
DURBS, William Mayes. MM2c(T). SV6
DONELSON, Lester (n). ARM3c(T). SV6
DONNELL, William Charles. F2c. SV6
DOTSON, Kermit Kennedy. S2c. SV6
DOZA, LeRoy Clemmons. S2c. SV6
DREGER, Louis Harvey. RM3c(T). V6
DUFFY, Gilbert LeBaron. QM3c(T). SV6
DUMAINE, Roger Eugene. Sp3c(T). V6
DUNCAN, Donald David. S2c. SV6
DUNN, Elijah (n). S2c. SV6
DUNWAGAN, Leland Elroy. S2c(AOM). SV6
DUNNING, Leonard Chaloner. QM3c(T). SV6
DUPREE, William Bryan. S2c. V6
DUTTON, Houghton (n). Jr. QM3c(T). USN
DYM, John Thomas, Jr. F2c. USN
DYER, James Edgar. Jr. AOM2c(T). USN-I
EARLYWINE, Bobby Gall. S2c. V6
EARNEY, John Leonard. QM3c(T). SV6
EDWARDS, Garman Earl. S2c. SV6
EDWARDS, James Edwin. E1M3c(T). V6
ELLER, John Anthony. S2c. SV6
ELLER, Kenneth Marion. S2c(T). SV6
ELSOWICK, Chester Lee. S2c(SM). V6
EMERSON, Emory Ellwood. Cox(T). V6
ENGESSER, Ferdinand Clement. MM4c(T). SV6
ENLOW, George Washington. F2c. USN-SV
ERRICO, Nick (n). S2c. SV6
ERWIN, Sheila Polly. F2c(MM3c). V6
ESTES, Oliver Eugene. S2c(AOM). V6
EVANS, Enfer Eugene. W2Tc(T). V-2
EVANS, Harold Lloyd. AOM2c(T). V6
EVANS, Troy Sutton. AOM1c(T). V6
FAHRBLANDER, John Edwin. F2c(EM). V6
FARNES, Jay Elmer. S2c. V6
FATZ, Victor Dominick. S2c. SV6
FERRECHIE, Calvin Walter. Jr. AOM3c(T). V6
FERST, Melbourne Francis. SC3c. SV6
FREIWESS, Leslie Harold. S2c. SV6
FIERRO, Jose Navarette. S2c. SV6
FINCHER, Haskel Ray, F2c, SV6
FINKNER, Ralph Eugene, F2c, SV6
FINLEY, Clyde Lee, WT2c(T), V6
FISCHER, Edward James, SClc, SV6
FISHER, Walter Albert, F2c, V6
FITZGERALD, Preston Raymond, GM2c(LC), SV6
FITZALAND, Charles Whitfield, AM3c, V2
FLETCHER, Robert Eugene, S2c, V6
FLICK, Dale (n), S2c, SV6
FLORENTO, Elvis Joseph, S2c, SV6
FORD, Herbert Joseph, ABM(CP)(IC)(T), V6
FOSTER, Albert Lee, Slc(GM), USN
FOSTER, George Pierce, S2c, V6
FOUNTAIN, Richard Carrow, GM2c(T), V6
FRAZIER, Ivory (n), SlcM(T), V6
FREDICK, "C. B.", Yeoman (T), SV6
FREDICKS, Elliott Joseph, S2c, V6
FRIEDLEBEN, William Sterling, EM1c(T)(IC), V6
FREY, Wallace Howard, CRT(AA)(T), V3
FRIEDTSCHI, August Junior, Cox(T).
FREDRICK, Elliott Joseph, S2c, V6
FRAZIER, Ivory, S2c, SSc.
GABELHOUSE, Bill Junior, F2c, SV6
GACIOCH, Joseph Henry, AM3c(T), SV6
GARCIA, Benny Reardon, Slc, USN
GARCIA, Into (n), Slc, SV6
GARDNER, Ivan Leonard, S2c, SV6
GARVIN, Calvin Ray, S2c, SV6
GARRIN, Raymond Allen, AM3c(T), V6
GARRIN, Edward Carter, Jr., Slc(T), SV6
GARY, William Franklin, Jr., Slc(ROD), SV6
GENTILE, Joseph Gaton, Jr., Cox(T), SV6
GEORGE, Jack Harold, AM3c, SV6
GEORGE, Raymond Foyd, Slc, SV6
GERBER, Melvin Earl, WT2c(T), USN
GERLICH, Adam Charles, Jr., AM2c, V6
GEYE, Harold William, Slc, SV6
GILBERT, Galen Hunter, F2c, V6
GILLIAM, Horlind Douglas, Slc, V2
GIORDANO, Joseph (n), EM3c(T), V6
GLADEN, Orville James, Slc, SV6
GLASS, Fain Johnson, S2c, SV6
GLASSCOCK, Leonid Louis, S2c, SV6
GLISWELL, Donald Lee, Slc(T), SV6
GOODREY, Ray Clinton, Slc, V6
GORMAN, Walter Joseph, S2c, V6
GOMEZ, Armando Javars, S2c, SV6
GOMEZ, Gerold John, Slc, SV6
GRANGE, Raymond Kenneth, Slc(AMM), SV6
GRANT, Albert (n), S2c, SV6
HIDSON, Billy Joe, Yeoman (T), SV6
HIGHT, Harry Addison, GM2c(T).
HUMPHREY, Ray, S2c, SV6
HUNT, "Eld," AM3c(T), SV6
HURRIBET, Richard Stanton, ARM3c, V6
HURLBUT, Dallas Lee, Slc(T), USN
HURST, Charles Cecil, S2c, V6
HUTCHINSON, Charles Raymond, S2c, V6
HYLAND, Glen Lewis, AM2c, V6
HYLINSKI, Carl Adam, GM2c(T), USN-1
INCHAM, Charles Herbert, AM3c(T), V6
INSELMAN, Robert Joseph, S2c, V6
IRVING, Francis Patrick, Slc, V6
JACKSON, Earnest (n), Jr., SlcM(T), SV6
JACKSON, Marion Francis, F2c, SV6
JACOBS, David Richard, AM3c(T), V2
JACOBS, Freddie Baldwin, Jr., SlcM(T), SV6
JAHNE, William Frederick, S2c(GM), SV6
JAYCOX, Robert Irwin, S2c, SV6
JAYNE, Robert Ingles, AMM3c(T), SV6
JEFFERSON, "T. C.," SlcM(T), SV6
JENKINS, Russell Henry, GM3c(T), SV6
JENNINGS, Glenn Eli, Slc(GM), SV6
JETER, Eugene (n), SlcM(T).
JOEL, James Hustin, WT2c(T), USN-SV
JOHNSON, Carlton Harvey, Jr., AM2c, V6
JOHNSON, James Elbert, Slc(RDM), V6
JOHNSON, Robert Maurice, RdM2c(T), V6
JONES, Brit (n), Jr., Slc, V6
JONES, Chester Paul, EM2c(T), SV6
JONES, Gaylord Theron, BM1c(T), V6
JONES, Wallace (n), SlcM, SV6
JONESON, Karl (n), Jr., Slc(GM), USN-1
JORGENSEN, Robert Fred, Elc, V6
JUENIKE, Curtis Frank, Slc(IXM), SV6
KAHLE, George Francis, AMM1c(T), SV6
KALINA, Joseph (n), Slc, SV6
KANGAS, Roy Carl, RM3c, SV6
KARGACIN, Joseph (n), Jr., RM3c(T), USN
KARTJE, Glenn Marlin, F2c, V6
KEATON, Kenneth Raymond, S2c, V6
KELLER, Merle Orvin, Slc(GM), USN
KELLER, Thomas Keith, S2c, SV6
KELLY, Raymond Wesley, AM1c, V6
KELLY, Thomas Wilson, Slc(AOM), V6
KEMP, Charles Milton, S2c, SV6
KIER, Charles Earl, ABM(AA)(T), V6
KJEJSKII, Bernard Joseph, S2c(T), SV6
KREANE, John Edwin, Slc(GM), V6
KILGORE, Randal Leroy, Jr., GM2c(T), USN
KING, Eugene Earl, S2c, V6
KING, James Earl, MM2c(T), V6
KUNTZ, William Edward, S2c, V6
KIPPLEY, William Charles, F2c, V6
KIRBY, Gaylord Wayne, QM3c(T), V6
KNOTT, Hubert William, S2c, V6
KOLSKI, Anton Robert, Slc, USN
KOHNETSKY, Clayton James, Jr., AMM3c, SV6
KORNEMANN, Robert Henry, PlM1c, V6
KORNHAUSER, William (n), ART3c, SV6
KULBE, Charles Willis, RM3c, SV6
KIENS, Richard William, MM3c(T), USN
KROICHCK, Edward (n), S2c(?), SV6
KUJENEMAN, Frank Simon, GM3c(T), V6
LA BELLE, Edward Arthur, Cons(T), V6
LACEY, Eugene (n), Sl, SV6
LACOMBE, Joseph Howard, Slc(RM), V0
LAGER, Donald Leonard, S2c, V6
LAMBRON, Warren Chandler, ABM(1A)(T), V6
LAMBOS, Anton "A.," AMM1c(T), V6
LAMONILARA, Louis Bernard, AMM3c, V6
LAMP, Clyde Albert, S2c, SV6
LACANTER, Jack (n), S2c, SV6
LANCA, Amado (n), Slc(RM), V6
LANG, John Lewis, Slc(AMM), SV6
LANGEGER, Vernon Merle, Slc(RM), SV6
LARMER, Robert Edward, S2c, V6
LARRA, Joe Garcia, Slc, SV6
LARSEN, Robert George, Slc(GM), V6
LARSON, Robert Arthur, Slc(GM), USN-SV
LAURIE, Kenneth Forrest, S2c, V6
LAWSON, Raymond (n), S2c, SV6
LAYMAN, William Harvey, MM3c(T), SV6
LEGHTINER, Robert Roy, Slc(AOM), SV6
LEG, Allan Ruben, S2c, SV6
LEFTWICH, Joel Addison, F2c, SV6
LEONARD, Robert Willie, S2c, SV6
LESIE, James Andrew, Jr., MM3c, V6
LIPSY, Richard Harold, WT3c(T), V6
LIGHTNER, Roy Edward, AM3c(T), SV6
LISOWSKI, Roman Frank, RdM3c(T), SV6
LITTLEJOHN, George Milton, Slc(RB), SV6
LOLLEY, John Robert, AMM3c(T), V6
LOHAN, John Peter, Slc, SV6
LORBECKI, Donald Stanley, Slc, V6
LORD, Charles Preston, Jr., Slc(AOM), SV6
LOUCKS, Donald Dale, PhM2c, V6
LOUSNSY, Edwin LaVerne, M3c, USN
LOUVIERE, Henderson (n), MM3c(T), SV6
ENLISTED MEN (Continued)

SMITH, Donald Edward, Stc(Mc), SV6
SMITH, Donald La Vern, RM2c(T), SV6
SMITH, Elgin Lee, RM2c(T), V6
SMITH, Eugene "L" Jr., Sr2c, V6
SMITH, George Winfield, Stc, SV6
SMITH, Harold Melford, AEM2c(T), V6
SMITH, Leslie Malvern, MrM2c(T), USN
SMITH, Robert Allen, Stc(Mc), V6
SMITH, Willie Gray, MrM2c(T), USN
SNED, Ernest Lee, Stc(Mc), SV6
SNYDER, Edward Thatcher, Slc(SM), V6
SONNABEND, Lindy Leroy, Sr2c, V6
SONENSEN, Raymond (n), RMCc, USN
SPALDING, William Charles, Sr2c, SV6
SPEAR, James Winston, Sr2c, V6
SPERRY, Glen Herbert, Sr2c, SV6
SPRINGER, Bright Naugle, Slc(AMM), SV6
SPRINGMAYER, Henry Lee, Sr1c, SV6
STALEY, Vincent Allen, AEM2c(T), V6
STANCHFIELD, Lee Wayne, Sr2c, USN
STANTON, Odis Garnett, Sr2c, SV6
STAPLE, Jack William, Sr1c, V6
STATION, Harold Marshall, Jr, Sr2c, SV6
STEARY, Robert Otto, F1c(EM), SV6
STEERE, Denton Leon, AEM2c(T), V6
STENROED, Edward Clarence, Slc(AM), V6
STEPHENS, Joe Baldwin, Slc(Mc), SV6
STEWART, Johnny Everett, Sr1c, SV6
STEWART, Robert Lee, Sr1c, V6
STOGDILL, Vernon (n), PhM3c, V6
STOCKEY, Charles, AOM3c(T), V6
STROHRECKER, George Robert, AerM3c(T), SV6
STYZEWSKI, Leonard Joseph, SSM3c(T), SV6
STILL, Arthur Eugene, Slc(FC), SV6
STULTS, Howard Charles, Slc(AM), V6
STUPPFF, Leonard Paul, SCDc, SV6
STUTZ, Eugene Frederick, Sr1c, SV6
SUDDOCK, Joe (n), Jr., F1c, SV6
SULLEY VAN, Albert Ethiers, Sr2c, SV6
SULLIVAN, Gilbert Richard, AOM3c, USN
SUTTNERFIELD, Joan Milton, Sr2c, V6
SVENSK, Paul Gustave, Rdm3c(T), V6
SWENSON, Robert Allen, Sr2c, V6
TAFOYA, Alfred Bruno, Sr2c, SV6
TARTAKOV, Milton (n), AM2c(T), USN-I
TAY, Robert Elmer, Sr1c(AMM), V6
TAYLOR, James Hollie, Sr2c, SV6
TAYLOR, Ross Duncan, Sr2c, V6
TERRALL, Paul Coyley, Sr2c, V6
THACKER, Glen "B," F2c, V6
THERRIEN, George Louis, CB(AA)(T), V6
THEURER, Myron Lefroy, SSM2c(T), SV6
THIESEN, Robert Stanley, Slc(AMM), V6
THOMASON, Ralph Amin, Sr1c, SV6
THOMASSON, Charles Dale, PhM2c, V6
THOMPSON, Alvin "B," Sr2c, SV6
THOMPSON, Arlie Loyd, Sr2c, SV6
THOMPSON, George William Lawrence, Jr., Sr2c
THOMPSON, James McLaurin, RT3c(T), SV6
THOMPSON, John David, Jr, Sr1c, Slc(Mc)
THOMPSON, Richard Gene, Slc, SV6
THOMPSON, Thomas Haskell, Sr2c, SV6
THURSBY, Robert Abbody, Sr2c, SV6
TICE, James Henry, Sr1c, SV6
TIPTON, Glen Collins, AM2c(T), SV6
TITLER, Gilbert Everett, Slc, V6
TODD, Gordon "E," F1c, SV6
TOMLIN, William Henry, Sr2c, SV6
TONE, Joseph Frederick, MM3c(T), SV6
TONER, Stanley Lawrence, HA1c, V6
TOOMEY, Raymond Robert, WT2c(T), V6
TORRENCE, John Fletcher, SDK1c(T), SV6
TORRENCE, John Mitchell, Slc, SV6
TRAXLER, Kermit Mack, F1c, SV6
TRIBBLE, Kenneth Cecil, Gm3c(T), SV6
TRIMMER, Richard Martin, Slc, SV6
TUCKER, Willie Cornelius, Slm1c, SV6
TURNER, Floyd (n), Slc(Mc), SV6
TYLER, James Bryce, Slc(AM), V6
ULTININ, George Armas, Sr1c, SV6
UBRE, Joe Dionisio, Sr2c, SV6
USHER, Jack Holland, Y2c(T), V6
USZLER, Frank Eugene, Slc(AMM), V6
VACCARO, Joseph James, AM1c, V6
VACULIK, Edwin John, Sr1c, SV6
VACULIK, Eugene Joe, Sr2c, SV6
VALERIO, Enrico Joseph, RSMc, V6
VAN EYK, Edward (n), Sr2c, SV6
VARELA, Aponolito (n), F2c, V6
VASTBINDER, James William, Sr2c, SV6
VAUGHN, Bob, Sr1c, SV6
VICTOR, Joseph Ernest, Slc(AM), LC, SV6
VICTOR, Jack Millam, Sr2c, V6
VIFER, Richard Dale, Slc(SM), USN
VOGLIN, Nick (n), Slc(EM), SV6
VOLOSH, Karl Jacob, Jr, RM3c(T), V6
WAGNER, Lyle Henry, Sr2c, V6
WALESKY, Harry John, F2c, SV6
WALKER, Thomas Michael, Sr1c(AMM), V6
WALKER, Wilbur Lee, Slm1c, SV6
WALLACE, Pete (n), AM3c(T), V6
WARD, Clifford Duane, ABM(FC)3c(T), SV6
WARD, Dewey Buford, Sr1c, V6
WARD, Ed Ford, Sr2c, V6
WARD, John Ed, Sr1c, SV6
WARD, Lewis (n), Slc(RM), V6
WARD, Thomas Madison, CoA(T), SV6
WARDEN, Marvin Edward, Sr2c, USN-I
WAREHAM, Harry William, Sr2c, SV6
WARNER, Charles Richard, Sr2c, V6
WATERS, Jerald Leonard, Sr1c, USN-NAV
WEBB, Melvina Hardy, F2c, SV6
WEBER, Joseph Titien, Sr2c, SV6
WEINHOLD, Reynard Erwin, Y3c, V6
WELBORN, Julian (n), EM2c(T), SV6
WELCH, Arnold (n), Slc, SV6
WELKER, Bud Eugene, ABM(AG)1c(T), SV6
WELLING, Clair Woodrow, Sr1c, SV6
WELLS, Claude Ray, F2c, V6
WELLS, Johanne William, Sr2c, SV6
WIGHT, John Henry, Sr1c, SV6
WILENDE, Thomas Victor, Slc(AM), SV6
WINDT, Hilbert (n), Sr2c, V6
WINNER, Charles Robert, Sr1c, SV6
WINTZ, Leo John, Sr2c, V6
WORTHEN, Joseph William, Sr2c, SV6
WRIGHT, Frank Lewis, ABM3c, SV6
WRIGHT, James Carl, Sr1c, SV6
WRIGHT, Robert Lloyd, Sr2c, V6
WYNKOOP, Paul Glenn, F2c, SV6
YATES, Franklin Parker, Jr, Slc(RM)(LC), V6
YATES, James Bernet, Sr2c, SV6
YINGER, Ervin Edward, Bk3c(T), USN
YOCHIM, Morris Carey, Sr1c, SV6
YOUNG, Carver Amiel, Slc(AMM), SV6
YOUNG, Joseph Augustus, II, F2c, V6
YOUNG, Norman Ray, Sr2c, SV6
YOUNG, Stanley Travis, Sr1c, V6
ZANDER, Walter Henry, Sr1c, SV6
ZIEGLER, John Edward, AerM3c(T), USN-I
ZOWADA, Paul (n), Sr2c, V6
Bitter Benediction

I've already precipitated on the Padre's shoulder; but if you've heard this one before, just try to stop me!

It seems there was a traveling sailor, and one night he was given ten days to throw together some sort of a ship's history.

Now, said "Sad Sack" already was bed-ridden and suffering from mattress burns. Furthermore, he had a number of unread detective stories to solve, an "Acey-Ducey" tournament to play off, and he was hellishly arrears in poker and answering his mail (responses from Lonely Hearts, Incorporated).

 Soon he felt a bit diapered-off at guys who either wouldn't pose for pictures, or who had previously departed with the only prints available—of themselves and ship's activities. If your likeness wasn't herein, that's the nude truth, so help me.

Well, about midnight of the last day out from Pearl, he rolled over and patted a firm, resilient hump of photographs. This, he decided, was the time to do or die—so he tossed eleven cans of alphabet soup around the photographs and decided to charge you a helluva price for the whole damn mess.

After all, he had 53 points and one foot across the brow on terra civiliana, so what the . . . . !

However, as the farmer's daughter told the traveling seaman, "You gave out with a lot of tale in such a short time!"

I blush in modesty—no fan mail, please, except mebby a French postcard from Sally Rand.

Bogey Ben

And Now That This Cruise Is Finished, Here Are The Shipmates Who Helped Log It For The Edification Of Your Great-Grandchildren

Pillow my head on your breast, Wife; Soft arms hold me tight; Ports that are half way 'round the world Will be calling me tonight.
124,015.1 miles of war-borne mileage (Logged 2 October 1945)